McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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JAPS LOSE THREE BOATS

Two Struck Russian Mines and are Reported Destroyed.

JAPANESE GAIN LAND VICTORIES

Port Arthur Cut Off—Big Battle Expected Daily—Russians Driven Back—Other War News.

CHEFOO, May 19.—Russian refugees who arrived here to-day, on a junk from Port Dalny, say that the Japanese bombarded Port Arthur last Monday. Russian officers who were on Golden Hill declared, according to the refugees, that during the bombardment a Japanese battleship and a cruiser struck mines and sunk. The warships reported to have been sunk off Port Arthur are the battleships Shikishima and the armored cruiser Asama. The story is not believed here, but the Russians who brought the news insist that it is true.

LIAO YANG, Saturday, May 14.—Delayed in Transmission.—The Russian fleet scored its first distinct naval success of the war on May 10, by the torpedoing and crippling, though not sinking, an armored Japanese cruiser in Talienwan Bay. The Russian attack was carefully planned on May 10 while the Japanese squadron was concentrating outside Dalny, devoting its whole attention to Talien wan bay, and was carried out the same night. The attacking vessell was not a regular torpedo boat but was only a small naptha launch in command of a young naval officer who had with him three Jackies.

Reports of the past week are to the effect that the Japanese have been successful in landing a large number of troops and that the Russians have steadily fell back, thus avoiding any decisive battles. A large and decisive land battle is expected almost daily.

Reports also again claim that Port Arthur is this time completely cut off from the outside world, the Japs having destroyed both railroad and telegraph communications.

Fined for Killing Song Bird.

Yesterday Howard Denning, aged about 12 years and a son of G. A. Denning, was brought before Justice Knapp, charged with killing a golden oriole. Young Denning pleaded guilty and paid a fine of $10 and costs.

This is rather expensive sport for any young man and others should learn a lesson from his experience. It is unlawful in this state to kill any song bird and is punishable by the above fine. It has been a habit in this section for boys and some men, we are sorry to say, to wantonly kill little birds "just for sport" as some say and we are glad to see that the authorites have taken this matter in hand. We are sorry to see one young boy punished when so many guilty of the same offense have gone free but the example had to be made and this little fellow happened to be the first one to be caught. It will be well for boys and men also to remember that it is just as expensive to kill song birds or rob their nests as it is to catch short trout and you are just as liable to be caught. We hope this will put an end to the wanton killing of our feathered songsters of the forest and meadows.

Good Vaudeville.

The vaudeville company, under the management of Fred H. Marcelle, manager of the New Bradford Theatre, entertained a fair sized audience at the Lyceum Tuesday evening.

Every number of the program was good and the company gave excellent satisfaction, being the best of that order that ever appeared in Smethport. Senator Frank Bell, who is 61 years of age and an old Bucktail, made the hit of the evening in his comedy monologue and song and the McCann family, with Baby Geraldine and Master Harold in a song and dance turn were close seconds.

If the audiences warrant it we understand that Manager Clark will import the Bradford vaudeville attractions here for one night in the week during the summer and if this is a fair sample of these attractions there should be no trouble in crowding the Lyceum for every show.

Killed on the P., S. & N.

Flagman Geltz was killed Monday morning on the P., S. & N. R. R. at West Notch, about six miles from Bolivar, by being run over by a passenger train that he had been sent out to flag. He went back some distance from the freight train on which he was working and while waiting for the passenger train evidently fell asleep and the train came upon him so suddenly that he did not awaken in time to get out of the way and he was crushed under the engine. He was lying between the rails in such a way that he was not cut by the wheels and was not killed instantly. He was picked up and placed in the baggage car but died before the train reached Bolivar.

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Looking Backward.

EDITOR MINER:—In my communication to the MINER last week I referred to the "Settler and Pennon," a paper published in Smethport many years ago by the late Wm. S. Oviatt. The copy of that paper lying before me was issued on the 6th day of August, 1840. The subscription price of the paper was $1.75 in advance; $2.00 if not paid within three months from date of subscription and $2.50 if payment was delayed a year. Advertisements were inserted at $1.00 per square, long primer type, all of which printers will understand.

Very likely the courts of Potter county were being held at Coudersport in 1840, for in a proclamation issued by W. Y. McCoy, who was then Sheriff of McKean county, for a court to be held at the court house in Smethport on the 21st day of September of that year, no mention was made of Potter county. Sheriff McCoy was much better known as a physician, for many years prior to his death, than he was an ex-Sheriff. He was the honored father of Dr. H. L. and E. B. McCoy, Mrs. Henry Hamlin, Mrs. J. C. Hamlin and Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin, all of Smethport. Dr. W. Y. McCoy was very highly esteemed all over the eastern sections of McKean county.

There probably was no paper published in Potter county at that time, for the Trial List of a Court to be held in that county in September, and signed by Isaac Strait, Prothonotary, was published in that issue of the "Settler and Pennon" and was dated at Coudersport, June 9th, 1840.

The grand jurors drawn for the September term of the McKean county court contained the following citizens in Keating township: N. Richmond, J. B. Taylor, J. Gifford, H. Brewer, G. Barrett, S. P. Webster, J. H. Ingersoll, A. Burlingame and E. C. Chandler. In Liberty township, J. C. Coleman and Norwich township, E. Pattison and E. Abbey. The traverse jurors drawn from Keating: W. S. Oviatt, J. Gifford, J. Taylor, C. Mellbury, A. Southwick, C. Young and S. Young; Liberty, S. Stoddard; Norwich, N. Robbins, H. Colegrove, R. Burdick, W. Smith, Henry Lasher, L. Havens and B. Colegrove. When the writer located at Smethport in the spring of 1858, nearly every one of the men named in these juries were living; they were subscribers to the paper he published and subsequently became his warm friends. Most of them were in the class of the substantial men of the county and their posterity, many of whom are living, have reason to be proud of their ancestors.

At the head of the editorial column of the "Settler & Pennon" appears the name of Martin Van Buren as a candidate for President and Richard M. Johnson for Vice President. Mr. Oviatt says editorially that, "we have in today's paper placed at our 'mast-head' the name of Martin Van Buren for President and Richard M. Johnson for Vice President. Yet although we shall give them our hearty support, we do not intend to devote our columns exclusively to politics. We esteem the approaching contest as one of deep interest to the prosperity of our country and wish to encourage towards securing the best result." This was the year of the celebrated log-cabin and hard-cider campaign which resulted in the defeat of Mr. Van Buren by Gen. William Henry Harrison, the Tippecanoe candidate.

William Easterbrooks, Jr. and Co. is the only mercantile firm advertising in this old paper. Among the list of articles that firm advertised for sale was "candle-moulds." How many of the people born in the past 25 years knew what a candle-mould was? Is there a mercantile house in the country selling them to-day?

Another advertisement reads, "Superior Side Pork, Smoked Hams, Shoulders, Salt, &c., just received and for sale at this office, where Flour and other articles of the kind will hereafter generally be kept on hand." Evidently Mr. Oviatt combined the grocery with the printing business.

Another advertisement reads, "Paper Rags wanted on debts due this office."

That the county of McKean was producing good fruit in those early days is in evidence from the following local: "We were, a few days since, presented with a ripe 'Sweeting Apple' from the orchard of A. H. Cory, which, for delicious flavor and delectable odor can't be excelled."

Sincerely Yours,

L. ROGERS.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending May 5, 1904:

Mrs. Elizabeth Briggs, Herbert A. Brown, Frances Stewart, Miss Alice Lynch, Mrs. Mary Malone, C. M. Parker, Miss Florence Russell. Foreign—Paolo Dorigo fu Fillippo.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

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MAY GET A NEW INDUSTRY.

Proposition Presented to Business Men's Association.

ELISHA K. KANE IS INSTIGATOR

Wall Paper Factory Seeks Location—Much Interest Taken—Another Meeting To-morrow Night.

At a special meeting of the Business Men's Association held at the hose house last Friday night E. K. Kane of Kushequa presented a proposition to the members for the location of a wall paper factory, and should the proposition prove to be as represented it is quite probable that a new industry will be in our midst within a few months.

Much interest was taken at this meeting by the business men present and all seemed willing to lend all their endeavors toward bringing this or any other industry to this place. The project looked to be a fair one and arrangements are being made to have the promoter of the concern come to Smethport and give further details in regard to the matter.

For the benefit of those who were unable to be present Friday evening and have the future welfare of our town at heart we will briefly outline the matter as presented through Mr. Kane. The promoter wishes the town to furnish an acre of ground, a building about 80 x200 feet with engine and boiler installed and $15,000 in cash. All of this is to represent stock. Against this he will furnish the machinery, valued at $15,000 and a similar amount of cash. The plant is to turn out 2,000,000 rolls of wall paper, of every description per annum, representing about 1,000 tons, and would give employment to twenty-five hands.

Mr. Kane has promised to furnish the ground and brick for the building, providing that material is used in the construction, and is to take stock for value of same. The association thanked Mr. Kane for the interest he has taken and assured him that should the manufactory be brought to this place it would be located on his railroad, which is certainly fair when it is taken into consideration that only through him would the matter have been brought up.

The question now is, whether every detail is as represented, and to determine this Mr. Kane has sent for the gentleman who is seeking the location to come and meet the Business Men's Association and show that it is an established and profitable concern. If this is done the money will be raised and the factory built. Smethport needs good, established manufactories and it is the determination of the Business Men's Association that only such need apply.

Be sure and keep the matter in mind and let there be a big turn out at the hose house to-morrow evening to show that interest is taken.

An Olean Tragedy.

A special from Olean dated May 13 says: Joseph Colaf, 70 years old, and his wife, a few years younger, were victims of a double tragedy at their home on Avenue B, at North Olean, this afternoon. For some time the old man and woman had been quarreling about the ownership of property and the dispute had reached a stage in which legal action was about to be taken by the wife against her husband. This afternoon at 4 o'clock Colaf brought matters to a climax by shooting his wife in the body. He then sent a bullet into her head, killing her instantly. Putting the revolver into his mouth and pointing it so that the bullet would pass upward into his brain, he again pulled the trigger, and his death was instantaneous. The authorities were notified and the bodies were taken to an undertaking establishment.

Colaf and his wife lived alone, their three daughters and one son being residents of other places.

Whitsun Day Services at St. Luke's.

The great feast of Whitsun Day, or the feast of Pentecost, fifty days from Easter, will be observed with solemn festal services at St. Luke's on next Sunday. There will be celebrations of the Holy Eucharist at 8 a. m. and 10:30 a. m., most of the Communicants attending at the early service as on Easter and Christmas. The lessons will be on the subject of the day, the Acts II, 1, 2, 3, 4. Special music for the high festival will be rendered by the choirs, which will unite for the Evensong service. The symbolic color of red is used in the decorations and vestments for the feast of Whitsun Day, with reference to the flames of fire which appeared as the sign of the coming of the Holy Ghost. The feast of Whitsun Day is ranked among the three great festivals of the Christian year.

A Large Assortment
of Screen Doors and Windows to select from. We also make screen doors and windows, any size, to order.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

An Important Point in Law.

The Supreme Court of the United States laid down the principle that a telegraph operator for a railroad company and a fireman on a railroad engine are "fellow servants," and that the negligence of the former causing death of the latter in the operation of trains, was a risk the fireman assumed and was not a ground for damages against the railroad company. The case was that of Aline A. Dixon against the Northern Pacific Railway Co. for damages for the death of her husband, C. A. Nixon, a fireman on the road, killed in a collision caused by the negligence of a telegraph operator. The opinion delivered by Justice Brewer, answered two questions certified from the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the eighth circuit, as follows:

"First—When a local telegraph operator is called upon specially by a train dispatcher to give information relative to the arrival of a train at his station, to enable the dispatcher to formulate orders for the movement of other trains, does the local operator in the matter of giving such information act as a fellow servant of train operatives in such sense that the master is not liable to train operatives who are injured by obeying an erroneous order of the dispatcher that was induced by false information given by the local operator?" The answer to this is: "The telegraph operator was, under the circumstances described, a fellow servant of the fireman."

"Second—Is the negligence of a local operator and station agent of a railway company in observing and reporting by telegraph to the train dispatcher the movements of trains past his station, which causes the injury or death of a fireman of the company without any fault or negligence of the train dispatcher, the negligence of a vice principle for which the railway company is liable in damages to the fireman or his personal representatives, or is the negligence of a fellow servant of the fireman, the risk of which latter assumes?"

"Answer—The neglect of the operator was the negligence of a fellow servant of the fireman, the risk of which the latter assumed."

A dissenting opinion was delivered by Justice White and concurred in by the chief justice and Justices Harlan and McKenna.

In this dissenting opinion the view was expressed that the operator was the agent of the employer and as such, his negligence rendered the employer liable for damage or death caused thereby. The opinion was further expressed that the court's decision would create much confusion.

The Vice-Presidency.

The suggestion of Mr. Hitt of Illinois for Vice-President serves to emphasize the fact that there is no lack of good material for the place. The country could readily accept him at once and make no mistake. And there are others.

Mr. Hitt is admirably suited to the nomination, both as candidate and as officer. As candidate his long and rich public service, his fine character, his freedom from any weak points, his bon hommie, his popular personal traits would give strength to the ticket. As Vice-President his practised statesmanship, his easy dignity, his varied accomplishments and his known capability for any requirement would fit in with immediate and with potential demands and would inspire universal confidence. Mr. Hitt has served in the House for more than twenty years. He is one of its ablest though not one of its most contentious figures. As chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations he has had a large part in the measures and policies which have marked the world-growth of the United States. He is clean, cultured, judicious and safe, with the stature and the habit of the statesman.

But Mr. Hitt does not stand alone in the available list. Illinois is one of the group of States from which it is deemed best to take the candidate, and if Senator Cullom were not five years older than Mr. Hitt he would be eligible. Even his age might not be a decisive objection. There is still some longing for Speaker Cannon, but in spite of the go in his name the sober judgement is that he should be kept where he is. Ohio might furnish the candidate if Myron Herrick were not set in his determination to remain Governor. Iowa is not a State which has to be coddled, but if there were any necessity of resorting to conscription Secretary Shaw might be drafted.

Finally, there is Indiana and the man who to-day stands the best chance of being nominated, Senator Fairbanks. He isn't anxious for the Vice-Presidency—hesitates a good deal as to whether he should take it—but the general sense of party leaders has rather settled down in the conviction that he will make the best candidate. He is sound, safe and reliable. The movement for Mr. Hitt may grow and there may be other surprises—perhaps a surprise in the convention itself.—Philadelphia Press.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.
CHAS. LEMMLER.

COUDERSPORT AND ELDRED

Visited by Destructive Fires, Friday and Saturday.

COUDERSPORT'S LOSS IS $70,000.00

Whole Block Burned—Eldred's Loss $4,800—Window Glass Factory Slightly Damaged.

A dispatch from Coudersport, dated May 13, says: A serious conflagration visited Coudersport to-day, destroying, on Main street, an entire block with the exception of one building. The fire, it is believed, was started in Phillip Evens' barn by boys who were playing there. Structures consumed included the T. E. Forster building, containing O. D. Underwood's grocery store, living apartments of N. Paul and family, C. C. Chapman's tea store, and Phillip Evens' feed store.

The Exchange Hotel was consumed, entailing a heavy loss on its proprietor, Thomas Allen, and in the rear of the hostelry W. H. Mattison's livery stable was destroyed. Edward Blanchard's brick building was badly damaged by water, but is still standing. It was occupied by B. D. Ives formerly of Smethport. The Knights of Labor building was also burned. It was occupied by W. H. Househear & Sons, who were to open in it a grocery store next week. The flames also wiped out a house and barn belonging to Frank Knox. A house on Oak street, belonging to Gates Brothers and occupied by Clayton Elliot, was also destroyed. The Baptist church and parsonage had a very narrow escape, but by good work of the firemen were saved.

A strong wind was blowing, which rendered the flames almost impossible to cope with. The total loss is estimated at from $60,000 to $70,000; partially covered by insurance.

An Eldred dispatch of May 14 says: Fire was discovered in the cutting and flattening rooms of the glass factory here early this evening. An alarm of fire was turned in and the firemen responded promptly, but the fire had gained considerable headway and the building and the contents were destroyed. The loss will exceed $4,800, $4,000 of which was stock, and the building was valued at $800. The loss is fully covered by insurance. The plant is a co-operative institution.

The adjoining buildings were saved. In the wareroom was stored over $40,000 worth of glass.

Would Not Confess.

BELMONT, May 13.—Sheriff W. H. Bellamy made an attempt late yesterday afternoon to get a confession from Pasqualla, the youngest of the four Italians charged with the murder of John Van Gorder and Alma Farnham, but was not successful. He secured two good Italian interpreters and went at the four, taking each one separately. Pasqualla was as reticent as heretofore and all attempts to get him to protect himself by furnishing evidence against his three fellow countrymen were without avail.

Georgi was questioned closely, but would only say he went from Bennett Station to Canisteo, and from there to Swains, where he took the Erie train for Buffalo. When told that the watch he wore was identified as the one owned by Mr. Van Gorder, he simply reiterated the story he had told before about buying it in Pittsburg.

Wirtsella was confronted with the fact that Van Gorder's coat and vest were found in his bundle. He shrugged his shoulders and remarked that the clothing was given him by his brother, who had gone back to Italy. The men did not seem inclined to talk much to their interpreters.

The Burglars Found Guilty.

Chief of Police Murray, Patrolman Pat Lane and Constable Charles Spreter returned yesterday from Rochester, where they were in attendance as witnesses at the trial of the four postoffice robbers, arrested recently near State Line. The defendants were found guilty, the jury being out but 25 minutes. Arthur Farrell, the Olean man, who displayed signs of being mentally deranged, was sent to an asylum for criminal insane near Washington, D. C. The other prisoners were sentenced as follows: John Stevenson, 3 years and 6 months in the Auburn penitentiary; Henry Eisler, 2 years and 6 months, and Philip Spera, 2 years and 9 months in the reformatory at Elmira.—Yesterday's Era.

Buggies for Sale.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has one of the best displays of carriages, buggies and runabouts in his salesrooms ever shown in this section. The leader is the celebrated Waterloo variety, but he has other good makes for less money. Call and see his stock.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Call at Dr. Hamilton's residence for particulars.

Opening of New Store.

The opening of the new store of the Wm. Hengerer Co. in Buffalo last week brought large crowds to this, the largest department store in this section of the country. The floral disply was beautiful, many of the competitors of this company showing their friendship by sending beautiful floral pieces, and the great rotunda was a bower of beauty.

The main floor is devoted to notions, ribbons, laces, handkerchiefs, drugs, books, hosiery, umbrellas, shoes and jewelry. The jewelry department is a marvel. Diamonds of the rarest purity and value are in stock, some of them costing thousands of dollars. The greatest attraction on the second floor is the gorgeous soda fountain and its appointments which make it a most desirable resting and meeting place for shoppers. The third floor is devoted to women's ready-to-wear garments and underwear. Rugs and carpets, curtains and draperies occupy the fourth floor and the display is wonderful. On the fifth floor are the furniture and art gallery departments, which rival the best in the country. The sixth and top floor is devoted to the grocery department and a large cafe and kitchen which is presided over by Cretien Mugel, a famous chef.

The elevator service is marvelous. Six immense elevators are in constant commission. Each of them holds 30 persons. They are equipped with double folding doors, so that when they are opened the full front of the elevator is thrown open to allow easy access to and exit from the elevators.

It is only necessary to add in conclusion that the entire stock from top to bottom is entirely new. That fact shows for itself and was the subject of favorable remark by visitors to the store. The variety and volume are simply wonderful.

Lesson to a Flirt.

An exchange tells of a young woman of Catskill, N. Y., who flirted with a middle aged traveling man. He at once "caught on" and took a walk with her. As they rambled he questioned her as to the location of her home, but when he asked her to take him in she refused; seemingly she did not want her mother to see her with a stranger. He was persistent and, notwithstanding her remonstrations, seized her by the arm and hurried her up the steps to the front door.

An elderly woman responded to the summons. The traveling man inquired if she was the mother of the girl at his side. Receiving an affirmative reply, the stranger gently led the girl into the hall, and turning to the mother said:

"Madam, your daughter flirted with me on the street this evening and I have brought her home to you. She does not look like a bad girl and she is altogether too young and pretty to be on the streets alone at night. I have a daughter of my own about her age and I would thank any man for doing what I have done to-night and so would her mother. Take good care of your daughter, don't let her walk the streets at night and teach her the evils of flirting."

Is His Own Father-in-Law.

Elmer Hyatt, a locomotive fireman, whose home is at Reynoldsville, Pa., according to the DuBois Courier, recently eloped with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary Myers, a widow, and at Olean the couple entered into matrimonial partnership. Five years ago Elmer married the woman's daughter, Zella Myers, and they resided for a time at Kane. Then they located at Reynoldsville, living with the wife's mother. A year ago Zella concluded that marriage was a failure and she separated herself from Hyatt. She is said to be in Pittsburg. The Courier says that the members of the bride's family do not take kindly to the mix-up in their relationships and the children hardly know whether Hyatt has ceased to be their brother-in-law and is now their step father or whether he is both. The first Mrs. Hyatt is now the step-daughter of her former husband and the daughter-in-law of her own mother. The happy groom is also his own father-in-law.—Bradford Era.

Frank Bell, a Bucktail.

Senator Frank Bell, a top liner at the New Bradford Theatre this week, is 61 years old and just as young as he used to be. He was in Cuba, N. Y., in August, 1861, when recruits were needed to fill out the Bucktails, otherwise the First Pennsylvania Rifles, and enlisted. He carries a bullet in the back of the head which entered under the left eye, at Fredericksburg. He can tell war stories and they are entertaining. When the war had ended he visited a minstrel show at Washington and at once decided to adopt the stage professionally. His "Essence of Old Virginny" made a hit in those days. He has since done all sorts of turns—believing, probably, that one good turn deserves another, and has been quite successful. There are but few men of his years who are so agile in their movements as the Senator is.—Era.

Subscribe to the MINER.

A Pair of Slippers

By W. W. Hines

Copyright, 1902, by W. W. Hines

"But, sweetheart, you are not going to be jealous of a girl I never saw, a girl who probably never existed? Remember that I never heard anything but her voice, and it is quite possible that she was as homely as original sin."

Tom Riker was provoked. Theoretically he held that in every love affair there should be some temporary obstacle to the happiness of the lovers. These temporary obstacles not only gave spice to the love affairs themselves, but they afforded hard-working novelists like himself a fair chance to earn a living. Now he was finding a lifetime of theory deftly upset by a few moments of practice. His courtship of and engagement to Anne Lorrimer had been a very commonplace affair, but he was so much in love that he could not see the advantage of obstacles, temporary or otherwise. They had met at the summer resort and were thrown together constantly from the first meeting by relatives and friends, who had promptly decided that the match would be a good one. Now the inevitable rift in the lute had appeared in Anne's jealousy of the heroine whom Riker had painted in his newest and most successful book, "A Pair of Slippers."

"Of course she may have been homely and all that," said Anne, with an air of dissatisfaction, "but you didn't paint her as homely. You gave her, with a lavish hand, all the graces and beauties that a woman could possess, and—what is especially galling to me—you described her as just the opposite to me in every way. I can't help but think that she represented your ideal."

"Now, my dear little girl, don't be foolish. Just remember that when I described her I had never met you. I made her a brunette because that seemed to fit in with her contralto voice. I'll make you a solemn promise that from this time henceforth all my heroines shall have golden hair and the deepest and truest of blue eyes. Her voice was excellent, but it was absolutely untrained, and I infinitely prefer to listen to your high, clear soprano than to any number of contraltos, no matter how rich and full is the quality of their voice."

"I HURLED IT ACROSS WITH ALL MY FORCE."

"That's all very well, but you say that some of the incidents in the book had a foundation in truth. Suppose you met this woman some time?" asked Anne.

"What difference would it make if I did? You don't suppose that I will ever have eyes or ears for any other woman but yourself, do you? I'll tell you just how much of the plot had a foundation in truth.

"When I was ill in the spring I occupied a room in one of the uptown hospitals, and, despite the calls of my friends, time hung very heavily on my hands. My nurse was one of those efficient machines which school and hospital training turn out, and I was ready to turn to anything for relaxation and entertainment. Just across the areaway from my window was an apartment house, and I used to hear some one singing there and would close my eyes and listen to the music. One day some of my friends had brought me a magnificent clump of lilies of the valley, and it occurred to me that it would be nice to send some of them to the girl who made the music. I knew that it would be useless to try to enlist the services of my matter of fact nurse in trying to find out her name, so I determined on another plan. I had never seen the girl, but the voice seemed to float out of a window just opposite me.

"I was becoming convalescent rapidly, and, casting about for something to weight the bouquet with, my eyes fell on a pair of slippers. I struck the flowers in the toe of one of the slippers and hurled it across with all my force. I saw it sail in the window, and then, the exertion proving too much for me, I fainted and fell on the floor by the window. I had counted on seeing the girl pick up the flowers, but I fainted too quickly.

"I was removed to another room, which looked out on an inner court, and I never heard the voice again. I recovered from the relapse quickly, and while I was in bed I blocked out the synopsis of my romance. The hero, as you know, I made an art student in Paris and had him fall in love with a girl across the way on account of the girl's voice. He threw her flowers just as I did, and they got to know each other in that way.

"But both the young artist and the young singer were poor. They drifted away from Paris and lost the sight, but not the memory, of each other. Ten years later the artist, now on the top wave of success, went to hear a new opera sung by a new prima donna of whom great things are told. The prima donna turns out to be 'the girl at the other window.' The artist rushes out of the opera house, buys some lilies of the valley and a pair of slippers, sticks the flowers into the toe of one of the slippers and hurls it on the stage. She recognizes him by the sign. They marry and live happy ever afterward. And that's all there is to the little story which the critics jumped on me for giving such a prosaic title as 'A Pair of Slippers.'"

"And you are sure that if you met the girl to whom you threw the flowers you would never be tempted to try to turn your romance into reality?" asked Anne.

"I have enough romance to last me for a lifetime."

"But suppose the girl was really a very nice girl and a very pretty girl?"

"Makes no difference."

"Did you know that I lived in the apartment house back of the hospital at which you were a patient?" Anne's expression was rather mischievous.

"No, I didn't. Then it is possible that you know the woman with the contralto voice. Do you?"

"Yes, I knew her. In fact, I have the slipper and the bunch of lilies of the valley."

"How did you get them? Your voice is soprano."

Anne's expression was distinctly mischievous now. In fact, she seemed to have great difficulty in keeping from laughing outright as she said:

"The woman you heard singing was our old negro cook, whom we brought up from the south with us. I had to take the flowers and slipper off her hands to pacify her. She was going over to the hospital to raise a row on the presumption that the negro janitor had tried to flirt with her. I put the flowers and slipper out of her way, and she finally forgot about them, and so did I. When I read your book it started me to thinking, and when I met you I determined to find out if it was really you who threw the flowers. So you need not worry any more about my jealousy."

"I think," said Tom slowly, "that the joke is decidedly on me."

"Undoubtedly," said Anne. "But if you had not thrown the flowers you wouldn't have written the book, and if you had not written the book I would not have gone out of my way to meet you. So all's well that ends well."

A Miracle to Order.

In the days of his youth M. Coquelin was ambitious, and the parts he loved to play were those in which he died in full view of an appreciative audience for his art. He had one of these roles one evening at the Boulogne theater and played it splendidly, getting a ringing round of applause as he fell dead upon the stage. Then his troubles started.

The audience's applause woke up a mosquito, which applied itself to M. Coquelin with so much assiduity that the corpse felt it must either scream or scratch. Another actor, who played a general in the corps of which the dead M. Coquelin was a young ensign, was standing near the body and had to say: "See, then, how sad a thing is war! But now this youth was living. Now he is dead—motionless for all time! Nothing save a miracle can give him life again!"

But M. Coquelin could hold out no longer. The mosquito was still biting busily and Coquelin had to sit up and slap his leg. "The miracle has happened!" cried the general, while the audience laughed until it cried at this too lively corpse.

Verdi's Regret.

Mr. Le Queux tells a pretty story of Verdi's modesty. His father was an intimate friend of the great maestro, and the novelist in his youthful days used to visit him at his palace at Genoa. One evening they were alone in the great musician's private study, having dined together, when the servant entered with the post. Among the letters was a roll of music, which, on being opened, proved to be a new waltz by a Viennese composer, who had dedicated it to the great master of the opera. Verdi first hummed it to himself, swaying his head the time, and afterward, seating himself at the piano, played it off. Then, having finished, the man whose works had charmed the world and brought in colossal royalties turned to the young novelist, and, sighing, said: "Ah! How I wish I could write popular music like that!"

Tennyson as a Carpet Cleaner.

Tennyson appeared once in the character of carpet cleaner. Calling on some friends and finding them absent he wrote them a polite note, but had the misfortune to overturn the ink bottle upon the beautiful white Persian carpet. Frantic, he appealed for help to the servant. She, suddenly recollecting that new milk will remove ink when wet, seized a can of the creamy liquid which happened to have been just left by the milkman. She upset the can on the large black pool and set about rubbing and scrubbing the stain.

Down went Tennyson on his hands and knees, rubbing and scrubbing also, in an agony of suspense lest his friends should return, which he afterward said "reached the infinite." Every trace of ink was removed, and the servant was rewarded with a five shilling piece and the poet's "God bless you!"

Wanted His Money's Worth.

Customer—[illegible], Mr. Barber, I don't hear your scissors at work on my hair.

Barber (apologetically)—There is very little hair on your head, sir. Customer—That makes no difference. I pay my money and I want you to rattle the scissors on the bald place just the same as if I had hair on it.

The Scales He Wanted.

The hardware merchant showed his customer from Upcreek another pair of scales. "This one," he said, "will weigh twenty pounds in ounces."

"Hain't ye got any," asked the customer, still dissatisfied, "that will weigh it all to wunst?"—Chicago Tribune.

CASTOFF CLOTHING.

IT PAYS TO SEARCH THE POCKETS AND THE LININGS.

Bills, Coins and Letters Have a Way of Hiding Themselves—Experiences of a Man Who Buys Discarded Garments—Hints to the Careless.

"One can't buy castoff clothing for many years without meeting some queer experiences," remarked an "old clothes man" the other day as he fumbled through the pockets of a suit which he had just purchased for 50 cents. "Of course I don't expect to find anything—nothing except maybe some old letters. But it pays to run through the pockets and feel the lining. If a man who lets his wife sell his castoff clothes only knew what got lost in the lining of his coat sometimes he wouldn't feel so easy about parting with them. A man sticks important letters in his inside coat pocket, and some day when he wants them they are not there. He hunts and fumes around, but the letters don't turn up. Then he thinks they must have been torn up or burned, and he forgets the matter.

"But important letters don't go that way generally. They turn up sometimes to accuse a man. They find their way between the lining of the coat or vest, and we fellows get hold of them. If I wanted to go into the blackmailing business I could make plenty of money. I've found letters and papers in castoff clothing that would make pretty startling reading for some people. Of course when we get the clothes by hunting up the address in the directory we can locate either the writer or the one receiving it.

"I don't think that, as a rule, women sell their husbands' castoff clothing any more without going through all their pockets. Maybe they've got into the habit of searching them so that it becomes a second nature to them. So it is not in the pockets we find things. It's in the lining, where they have found their way gradually.

"You know how easy it is for small coins to work their way through a hole in the lining of a vest and snuggle down in the corner of the cloth. Well, we pick up quite a number of dimes and nickels in this way. Usually a vest is a small silver mine. Probably the wife of a man feels something there and thinks it is only a button or some such thing, or maybe a penny, and she won't bother in trying to fish it out. But pennies don't work down there nearly as readily as the dimes do.

"In the same way a bill will get mixed up in the lining of the inside pocket and finally disappear. The man probably misses a five or ten dollar bill and thinks he must have lost it or spent it foolishly. The matter escapes his mind, the suit is thrown to one side and some day it is sold to the 'old clothes man.' It doesn't escape us. We go through every inch of the lining and examine the corners and inside carefully. The bills we find in the course of a day will often more than pay us for what we have given for all of the clothes.

"Many men are extravagant in getting rid of their castoff clothing. They have so many that they become a nuisance to them. Sell them to the first man who comes along is the easiest way for them to dispose of their useless belongings. If the servants don't take them, we get a fine pick at them. For from 50 cents to a dollar you get a suit that will when brushed, steamed, cleaned and pressed easily bring $8 to $5. The clothes are not worn much, but just soiled and mussed a little. The trousers are stretched a little so they will bag at the knees when used a few days at a time. A man with plenty of money won't stand that. He will order his wife or valet to sell them.

"The greatest amount I ever found in money in one coat was a ten dollar bill, but several times I've found two and five dollar bills and one dollar bills by the score. Once I found a check for $100, but as that was no good to me I returned it to the owner and received a dollar reward for my honesty. The best find, however, was several years ago, when I discovered a bunch of railroad coupons between the lining and inside cloth of one of these fancy vests. I suppose I might have cashed the coupons and received $1,000 for them, but there was some risk to such a proceeding. So I concluded to turn them over to the owner and trust to his generosity. He gave me $100 in bills and commended me for my honesty. He had missed the coupons and had advertised for them. Later I found that he had offered a reward of $300 for their return. You can bet I was mad then that I didn't get more for returning them.

"As for important letters, I might say that they come to us in droves. Generally we read them and chuck them in the fire. It's the best way. If a man has lost a letter which would incriminate him he doesn't like to have it turn up. It will always worry him a little, but he lives in the hope that it is lost for good and gradually forgets it."—Washington Star.

Funerals For the Health.

At a funeral in Glasgow a stranger who had taken his seat in one of the mourning coaches excited the curiosity of the other three occupants, one of whom at last asked him:

"Ye'll be a brither o' the corp?"

"No, I'm no a brither o' the corp!"

"Weel, then, ye'll be his cousin?"

"No, I'm not that!"

"Then ye'll be at least a frien' o' the corp?"

"Not that either. To tell the truth, I've no been weel mysel', and as my doctor has ordered me some carriage exercise I thocht this wad be the cheapest way to tak' it."—From "Reminiscences," by Sir Archibald Geikie.

THE FOOLISH MAN

Learns by experience. The average man learns by his own experience. The wise man learns by the experience of others. Be wise, Save time, money and learn by the experience of thousands of others who say that the new "Easy Draft LeRoy Plows" are the ones to buy. Every one sold on a positive guarantee. Sold by A. T. Palmer, Smethport.

MOUNTAIN RANGES.

When White Gives Way to Green They Are on the Decline.

There is something almost lifelike in the growth of mountains. They do not attain their maximum stature all at a leap. The first great uplift of the Sierras, Professor Lawson thinks, elevated the range about 2,500 feet. Even that was not done at a bound. It took time while the gigantic pressures were at work. Vast periods also elapsed while the growing mountains swelled upward to their culmination of 14,000 or 15,000 feet. Perhaps they are still growing.

Age has its common marks everywhere. An old man stoops, shrinks in stature and becomes round shouldered; an aged tree sheds its branches, breaks off at the top and finally tumbles into ruin; a time worn mountain loses its aspiring peaks, smooths down its jagged outlines, rounds off its steep slopes, sinking lower and lower under the constant wear of the elements until only a line of green carpeted hills remains to mark the place where tremendous summits rose into the region of perpetual snow and flashed back the sunshine from a crown of glaciers.

It is relatively an easy task to calculate the age of a mountain range which, like the Sierra Nevada range, had a new birth at the beginning of quarternary time, the latest period in the geological history of our planet. It would be far more difficult to offer the measuring tape of the centuries to the great Appalachian range, which lies just behind the Atlantic seaboard. The Appalachians date back to the remote carboniferous age, which ended so long ago that nobody probably would be willing to risk a guess at the number of millions of years which must since have elapsed. The Appalachians may have been magnificent giants in their day, but time has conquered them, as it will also conquer the rugged Sierras, and now their verdured flanks and tops delight the unalarmed eyes of railway tourists winding on swift trains of parlor cars through the rich valleys that have fattened on the substance of the disintegrated peaks.

The glory of a sun is gone when it passes from light to darkness, from solar incandescence to planetary opacity, and likewise the splendor of life for a mountain departs when it sinks from white to green and from the blade of snow to the levels of grass.—Garrett P. Serviss in Success.

LITTLE THOUGHTS.

Time that is lost is never found.

A soft answer may be a hard argument.

Difficulties are meant to rouse, not discourage.

It is more profitable to read one man than ten books.

One always has time enough if one will apply it well.

He who takes good care of the days need give himself no worry over the year.

Character consists in a man steadily pursuing the things of which he feels himself capable.

A fault which humbles a man is of more use to him than a good action which puffs him up with pride.

It is better to right your wrongs while they are young and tender than to nurse them until they are old and tough.

Readjusted.

Europeans who are inclined to deny the South African native a sense of humor should read a story of Veltman, the chief of the Fingoes, which Dr. Perceval Laurence has told in his book, "On Circuit In Kaffirland." On one occasion four advocates, one of whom was Dr. Laurence, were hard up for transportation and were glad to charter one of Veltman's wagons, with a span of six mules, to convey them to the next circuit town. The charge, they were told, would be £4 pounds per mule, which they suggested was a trifle stiff. Veltman took time to consider their representation, but ultimately sent a message that his price would not be £4 per mule, but £4 per advocate!

Keeping Out the Tide.

They were on the way to India, and, as they were crossing the restless bay of Biscay, one innocent young lady, speaking to another, asked, "Why do the stewards come in and open or shut the portholes at odd times during the day and night?"

The second and better informed lady replied, "My dear, they shut or open them when the tide rises or falls."—Sporting Times.

Different Smiles.

"I assure you, my dear," he protested, "that I do not care about the smiles of other women."

"But I do," sobbed the wife, "and that's why I think it hateful of you to make me wear this shabby bonnet."—Philadelphia Press.

Clean Streets.

Keep the streets clean. Dirty streets injure the town in the eyes of strangers and also make home folks careless. The city must lead in the matter of cleanliness and beauty if it expects citizens to evince a like spirit.—Nashville American.

What Constitutes Corruption.

"Is he corrupt?"

"Oh, no; I wouldn't call him that."

"What do you consider corrupt?"

"Why, a man who sells out to two opposing interests in the same deal, of course. Anybody ought to know that."—Chicago Post.

A flower plucked in the morning continues fresh twice as long as one plucked later in the day, when the sun is upon it.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

Dr. Johnson's Wooing.

Dr. Samuel Johnson married a Mrs. Porter of Birmingham. That lady's daughter thus described the doctor's wooing: "His appearance was very forbidding. He was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula were deeply visible. He also wore his hair, which was straight and stiff, and separated behind, and he often had, seemingly, convulsive starts and odd gesticulations, which tended to excite at once surprise and ridicule. Mrs. Porter was so much engaged by his conversation that she overlooked all these external disadvantages and said to her daughter, 'This is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life.'" Mrs. Porter, who was twice Johnson's age, was not easily won. Urged by her learned lover to say why she still refused him, she said an uncle of hers had been hung and she did not wish to bring disgrace on him. "Is that all?" said Johnson. "Why, though I have never had [illegible], I have two or three uncles who deserve it. So let's get married and say no more about that."

Can Ducks Smell?

It has been often asked whether or not ducks can smell. Some hunters cite from their experiences instances that seem to show ducks can smell; others say that ducks cannot. Now the naturalist would say that ducks, owing to their habit, have no need to smell and hence cannot. This rule is not infallible, but generally holds good. Any wild thing with such eyes as ducks have does not need to smell. Nature seems to have given birds a discerning eye and animals a discerning nose. A fox will look straight at a man and not see him, even when only a few feet away, provided he does not smell him or the man does not move. A duck will not only see a man standing perfectly still at a long distance, regardless of the wind, but will notice any change in the landmarks of its haunts or feeding grounds.—Outing.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

Residents of a certain part of Spruce street have often seen two charming old ladies, twin sisters who look so much alike that no one ever bothers to distinguish between them, coming out from one of the houses. The fact that they both dress almost alike makes it still harder to tell them apart. Some one who knows the old ladies very well relates that Ann, while making a hurried departure for one of the big department stores last week, put on Susan's bonnet by mistake. In walking through the store she came suddenly in front of a full length mirror and stepped back in astonishment, saying, "Why, Sue, I didn't know you were coming down town this morning!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Eating When Tired.

Every one should know that to eat when tired is to place upon the digestive organs a burden which they are wholly unable to bear. When the body is in a state of fatigue the digestive organs are unable to perform their natural functions. The glands of the stomach will not form gastric juice, the saliva is deficient in quantity and the whole digestive apparatus is incapable of doing efficient work. When exhausted one should rest before eating. If a faint or sinking sensation is experienced relief may be obtained by drinking a glass of hot water or diluted fruit juice of some kind.

An Educated Echo.

An ordinary echo is a curious thing; but, according to the statements of a Frenchman at a watering place in the Pyrenees, one echo on the Franco-Spanish frontier is so far from ordinary that it must have started in America. "As soon as you have spoken," said the Frenchman, who had secured an audience of wide eyed tourists, "you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier it assumes the Spanish tongue. But, yes; I have heard it often!"

An Opportunist.

The bride and bridegroom sat side by side. "Dearest!" he said, looking up into her eyes, for he was the smaller, so that he really and truly looked up and into her eyes. "Yes, love," she responded in soft, frightened mouse tones. "If I had known that tunnel was that long I would have kissed you." "Didn't you kiss me?" she asked with much surprise. "No," he replied. "Well, somebody did."—Cleveland Leader.

The One to Be Considered.

"Did she consult the groom in fixing the date for the wedding?"

"Oh, no; only the dressmaker."—Chicago Post.

C. A. BURDICK

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Pianos, Organs and Musical Instruments of all kinds, Wheeler & Wilson Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

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Main St. Smethport, Pa.

STORY OF CAL-CURA.

Discovered by Dr. David Kennedy.

Small Free Bottle sent on request.

Dr. David Kennedy was born in New York City, but at an early age his family moved to Roxbury, N. Y. He was graduated in 1860 from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. He at once volunteered as a surgeon and was assigned to the United States Army General Hospital in West Philadelphia, and soon became President of the Examining Board and Consulting Surgeon. After the war, Dr. Kennedy settled in Rondout, City of Kingston, N. Y., where for a number of years he enjoyed a large practice as an operative surgeon. He was one of the Presidential Electors of New York State, Mayor of Kingston for four years, and held many other professional, business and political offices.

The latest achievement of his life was the discovery of Cal-cura Solvent, a positive cure for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. In speaking of this remarkable remedy, he said: "Cal-cura Solvent is the crowning achievement of my life. It will not disappoint."

Remember, Calcura Solvent cures 98 % of all cases of Kidney, Liver, and Bladder disorders. Send to the Cal-cura Company, Kennedy Row, Rondout, N. Y., for a free sample bottle. Large bottles $1.00 (*only one size*) all druggists.

Housekeepers, Attention!

We have a generous offer to make to the ladies who wish to complete their housecleaning in a thoroughly effective and sanitary manner.

We have a spleddid Formaldehyde Generator which we will lend to purchasers of one jar or more of Leninger's Solidified Formaldehyde.

It clears the air of all germs and makes your home atmosphere pure and sweet.

1 jar Formaldehyde, 75c.

Small household generator with 1 jar Formaldehyde given free, $1.00, or we will lend large generator.

Extremely simple, no trouble to use, perfectly harmless and efficient.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice sweet piece of

Fresh Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Spring and Summer Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

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LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs
at Reasonable
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Directly Opposite Court House,
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Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be "ON TIME" buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right;

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

JUST IN TIME.

A motorman in Chicago ran his car onto the approach of an open bridge but stopped it with the fender actually overhanging the gulf below. He wouldn't want to repeat the experiment because *the chances are that he'd never again* have the same good fortune.

Once in a while some one who has traveled to the very edge of the danger line of stomach disease stops just in time to save his health. But the majority of people go across the line, and slight symptoms of indigestion grow to disease of the stomach, involving the *other organs of digestion* and nutrition.

Indigestion and other forms of stomach "trouble" are perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It strengthens the whole body by enabling the perfect digestion and assimilation of food.

$3,000 FORFEIT will be paid by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y., if they cannot show the original signature of the individual volunteering the testimonial below, and also of the writers of every testimonial among the thousands which they are constantly publishing, thus proving their genuineness.

"I have been suffering for about eight years," writes Mrs. H. Pierce, of Millsprings, Ky. "Have had several doctors to treat me—some for female weakness and others for stomach trouble, but received no relief. When I wrote you for advice I was hardly able to work, and you advised me what to do—I took nine bottles, five of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' four of 'Favorite Prescription,' also two vials of the 'Pellets.' Dr. Pierce's medicines will do all that you claim for them. Believe I would have been in my grave if I had not taken them."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BIG STORE

I am now better prepared than ever to supply the wants of all needing anything in General Hardware. Have a new and complete stock of seasonable goods, such as Refrigerators, Shepard's Ice Cream Freezers, Screen Doors, Wheeler's Self-Fitting Adjustable Window Screens, Screen Cloth, Poultry Netting, Barb and Smooth Fence Wire, Staples and Nails, Dairy Supplies, Hunt's 1904 Cream Separators, Gas Ranges, Hot Plates and Ovens, Paints, Brushes, Oils and Varnishes, Crockery and Glassware, Spalding's Official Base Ball and Athletic Goods.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 19, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Note the large advertisement of the Wm. Hengerer Co. this week.

—The Tuna window glass factory of Bradford shut down for the season on Saturday last.

—The new hardware advertisement of J. C. Hamlin this week is interesting and seasonable.

—Eben Pierce, who was sent to the penitentiary some time ago for the murder of Myron McNess, is reported to be insane.

—E. W. Strong has been awarded the contract for doing the plumbing and gas fitting in John Morrison's new house on Green street.

—The Lindholm Company is offering some special bargains in its advertisement this week.

—One week from Monday is Memorial Day. This day will be fittingly observed in Smethport

—Some special bargains in clothing are advertised by Wm. Monheimer this week. He always offers genuine bargains in first-class goods.

—The Galeton Leader-Dispatch in abbreviated form was printed on a job press last week because the gas engine refused to work.

—Mrs. Noah Thornton and family wish to thank those who rendered so much kind assistance during their recent bereavement.

—At the morning worship next Sunday the pastor of the Baptist church will speak on the subject, "Tested by Fire." The evening subject will be, "Thinking People and Religion."

—Potter county will celebrate its centennial anniversary on August 10 and 11, 1904. We understand the celebration is to be held in Condersport and that $2,500 will be raised for the celebration.

—T. H. Brennan of Bradford has commenced a suit against the B., R. & P. railroad for $5,000 for injuries received while braking on that road nearly two years ago, on account of a defective air brake.

—Joseph Stull, aged 78 years, died at his home in Stulltown Tuesday. Thus another of the pioneer settlers is called away. The funeral was conducted by Rev. Zahnizer yesterday. A widow and two children, C. H. Stull of Stulltown and Mrs. Etta Robinson of Wayland, N. Y., survive.—Eldred Eagle.

—The Eldred Eagle tells how a more or less prominent man of that place was swindled out of $150 in the City of Natural Advantages on Sunday of last week. The swindler sold a recipe for a wonderful spavin cure, but after he got the money he failed to deliver the goods and has skipped out. Wilson, the swindler, was captured later.

—There are ten things of which no one has ever yet been sorry. These are: For doing good to all; for speaking evil of none; of hearing before judging; for thinking before speaking; for holding an angry tongue; for being kind to the distressed; for asking pardon for all wrongs; for being patient toward everybody; for stopping the ears to a tale bearer; for disbelieving most of the ill reports.

—A most horrible accident occurred at West Bingham, Pa., Friday morning about 10:30 o'clock when Alfred Brown, one of the oldest residents in Potter county and for many years living at West Bingham, was burned to death. He was burning some stumps on his lot near West Bingham when in some manner his clothes caught on fire and before one of his neighbors could come to his rescue, his clothing was nearly burned from his body and he died in a very few minutes. He was about ninety-six years of age.

The Origin of Dunce.

A dunce is named after Duns Scotus, the chief and leader of the schoolmen who were in opposition to what was called "the new learning" in the sixteenth century. It is easy to see how readily convertible the term would be. Any opponent of the new learning would be apt to be referred to as a Dunsman, or, more briefly, as a Duns, to indicate that he held the views of which Duns Scotus was the most eminent representative. But, as the time went on and the new learning triumphed, to call any one a Dunsman or a dunce would be equivalent to describing him not merely as opposed to a certain set of doctrines, but as incapable of learning and enlightenment. It is certainly hard upon Duns Scotus, as Archbishop Trench has remarked, that he, "the subtle doctor" by preeminence, the "wittiest of the school divines," as Hooker terms him, should have his name handed down to future ages as a synonym for invincible stupidity.

Double Action Springs.

First Patient (at the fashionable springs)—What are you here for? Second Patient—To flesh up a little. And you? First Patient—To reduce my weight.—San Francisco Bulletin.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

The Days of Pewter.

Pewter played an important domestic part in the days of our distant ancestors. A peep at some of the household books of the Stuart days is quite a revelation on this point. In 1664, for instance, Sir Miles Stapleton, a Yorkshire baronet, took it into his head to replenish his stock of pewter, and here are a few of his many purchases as recorded in his own handwriting: "It, paid for six lardge puter platters or dishes at 1s. 7d. a pound, and they weighed 57 pound and a half, which comes to £04,01,05; paid for two dozen of puter plates at 1s. 6d. a pound and they weighed 37 pound, £02,15,06; paid then more for two puter stands for the table, £00,08,00; one gallon puter can and six porringers £00,19,06; paid to William Hutchinson of Yorke, for 17 new puter dishes for the table weighing 74 pound at 12d. a pound £03,14,00." And among other purchases at the same time are two dozen new pewter plates for 32 shillings, another two dozen at 35 shillings a dozen and a large quantity of spoons, basins and candlesticks.—Westminster Gazette.

Some Virtues of Louis XIV.

One need not overlook the enormous shortcomings of Louis XIV. as a man and as a king to admit that in some important respects he tried to do his duty. He was a hardworking sovereign both in the sphere of administration and in that social sphere which was, to his mind, no less important. So courteous that he never passed the poorest woman about the palace without lifting his hat, he carried polite consideration to the level of a fine art. In the way of courteous speech there are few things nobler than his remark to the great Condé as the old hero was slowly ascending the great marble staircase at Versailles. Condé apologized for being so long in mounting the steps, at the top of which the king stood waiting. "Ah, cousin," Louis replied, "one moves slowly when one is laden with laurels!"—Longman's Magazine.

Singing Birds.

Among birds the females do not sing, and although many species have musical call notes and agreeable tones in conversation which are shared in by both sexes, still the true song is only rendered by the male bird. I am sincere in saying that the lady bird talks more than her mate about the house, but I will admit that when away from home she is very discreet in this respect. In attending to her duties of incubation she is very quiet, and it is seldom that a note is heard from her while on the nest. It has even been said that all birds are silent when incubating, so as to avoid observation. However, although most species are quiet when sitting, there are a few which chirp loudly when so engaged, and some even burst into exuberant song.—Science.

All the Bargains Were Gone.

An American of hitherto undoubted veracity tells this story of a restaurant in Berlin to which he and a friend went one evening. The fare and the music were so good and the people about them so amusing that they lingered on and on. When at last they rose to go the American's hat was not to be found.

"What sort of hat was it, mein herr?" inquired the stolid person in charge.

"It was a new top hat," said the American briskly.

"Ach, but, mein herr, all the new hats have been gone for half an hour!" said the German placidly.

Japan's Camphor Trees.

The camphor tree of China and Japan is a large evergreen, not unlike a linden, with a white flower and red berry. The gum is taken from chips out of the root or base, which yield 5 per cent or more of it. The Japanese government owns large forests of camphor trees, able to keep up the average supply of the gum for twenty-five years, and the young plantations are growing up. These are under the Japanese forestry department.

Red Snow.

Captain Ross discovered on the shore of Baffin's bay a range of cliffs extending for eight miles, which were covered with red snow of a brilliant hue, and sometimes as much as twelve feet in depth. Careful examination with the microscope revealed that it was due to the presence among the snow of a very minute plant called Palmella nivalis.

He Wished He Could Do It.

A merchant who had a store in a small country town fell in with a comic actor on a train and said to him: "I do not see how it is that you are able to think of such funny things to say on the stage, and all of a sudden too. I just wish I could do it. It would be invaluable to me in my business."—Success.

A Diplomat.

"At what age do you consider women the most charming?" asked the inquisitive female of more or less uncertain age.

"At the age of the woman who asks the question," answered the man, who was a diplomat.

Too Much Praise.

A man attended a dinner given by a witty woman and ate ravenously. "The greatest praise I can bestow on your dinner," he said, "is to eat heartily." "But your praise amounts to flattery," the woman replied.—Atchison Globe.

True Genius.

Poet—You remember that little thought I set to verse? Well, I made $5 on that. Crittick—Indeed? You're quite a financier. It isn't everybody who can make money on what he borrows.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of **Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema**, or any **Skin Disease** that can't be cured with **Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment.** Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

First Sale in the New Store

Wm. Hengerer Co.

To Begin With, a Mass Meeting of Yard-Goods Bargains on the Second Floor.

A great sale! A different sale from the ordinary! For you know that all Silks, Dress Goods, Wash Goods, Linens and the like are sold on our second floor. Something new, isn't it? But just think of the common sense of the plan! Plenty of natural light pouring in from the Main street windows—broad aisles—six elevators and a big, easy staircase, making it practically on the ground floor. Only a few days open, yet the whole city and country approves of our selling piece goods on the second floor! And now these remarkable low price offerings!

First Sale of Millinery { Third Floor

Long ago we rebelled against the idea that women should pay fancy prices for their hats. We brought the matter down to a strict business basis—put the best workmanship and materials into our millinery and charged simple, modest, reasonable prices. Do you wonder, then, that the new Millinery Department in the new store is already such a great success?

Stylish Trimmed Hats at $8.00, $6.75 and	$5.00
Handsome Ready-to-Wear Hats—the very newest—at $5.00 and	$2.50
White or Black Semi-trimmed Lace and Chiffon Hats—fashionable, large shapes—at	$5.00
Misses' and Children's White Milan Straw Hats—trimmed with ribbon bands—$3.00 and	$1.50

First Sale of Carpets and Rugs { Fourth Floor

"What a simply lovely place to show carpets, rugs, and how reasonably priced they are!" We quote that from one woman's remarks who visited the Rug Floor yesterday. It's what they're all saying.

Regular $1.10 Wilton Velvet Carpets, per yard	89c
Regular $1.75 new pattern Bigelow Axminster Carpets, per yard	$1.50

First Sale of Wash Goods { Second Floor

New Dress Ginghams, in checks and plaids, nice spring styles, worth 10c a yard, for	7½c
32-inch Imported Scotch Ginghams, colored and white grounds, usual price 25c a yard, for	15c
Novelty Spring Suitings, in the newest weaves and colorings; customary price 25c a yard, for	19c
Real Embroidered Swiss Muslins and Silk Zephyrs, usual price 50c a yard, for	29c

First Sale of Silks

Second Floor

Wash Silks, in neat stripes of pink and blue, on a white ground, per yard	29c
1500 yards of new Foulards, in navy, brown, reseda and black grounds, per yard	48c
New Shirt Waist Suitings, neat stripes, checks and figures, as good as the ordinary 75c grade, per yard	59c
27-inch Black Taffeta, usual price 85c a yard, for	75c
6 pieces of our 65c Black Taffeta at, per yard	50c
3 pieces 27-inch Black Peau de Soie, usual price [illegible] a yard, for	75c
Splendid Pongee Silk Bargains. Our 50c grade at 39c; our [illegible] grade at [illegible], and our $1.00 grade at	75c

First Sale of Women's Summer Suits, Coats and Waists { Third Floor

Very gratifying it is to hear the good words spoken of this department by the thousands of visitors here since our opening day. Everybody likes the location, the courteous treatment, the new arrangement of trying-on rooms—and particularly the style of our garments and the plain money-savings.

Children's Pretty Summer Dresses, sizes 6 to 12 years, for	48c
Children's Gingham Dresses, sizes 6 to 14 years, for	95c
Women's White Lawn Shirt Waists, with pretty embroidered fronts; usual price $1.50, for	98c
Women's Fashionable Shirt Waist Suits made of washable material, waist with pretty plaits and white piping, and skirt trimmed in harmony. Another style is the new Military Shirt Waist Suits, yoke and red trimming, choice of either for	$2.48
Women's New Brilliantine Walking-Skirts, stitched several times around the bottom, brown, blue and black, with neat white hair stripes, for	$3.50
Women's black, blue and brown Wool Etamine Summer Skirts, trimmed with silk straps running around hips and down front, for	$3.00
Women's Fashionable Tailored Suits of etamine, serge, broadcloth and Scotch mixtures, in the fashionable eton, blouse, and straight front effects; jackets silk-lined, some have shoulder capes and elaborate trimming and others are simply plain tailored; customary prices $15.00 to $18.00, for	$7.50

THE WM. HENGERER CO., BUFFALO

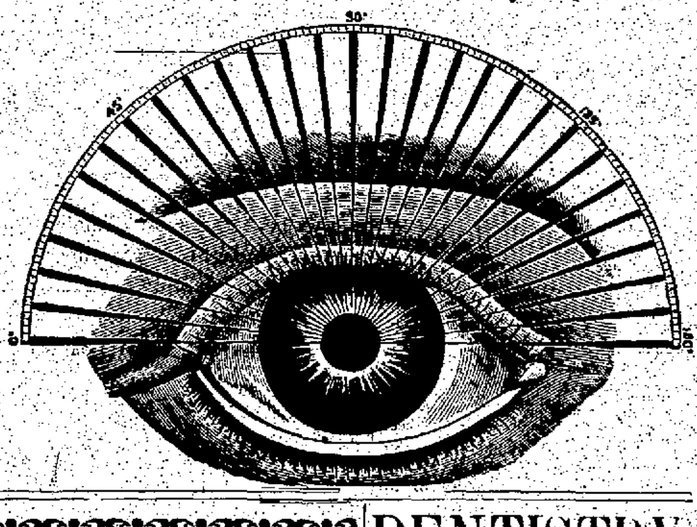
DR. F. H. WILLIAMS of Bradford, the Well-known Eye-Specialist

will be at the

HOTEL IMPERIAL
SMETHPORT, PA.
on
Monday and Tuesday
May 30 and 31

to correct all difficult eyesight, strabismus, muscular defects. Headache and eystrain, remedied by the use of glasses.

Embrace the opportunity while he is here to have your eyes attended to. If you are not satisfied with the glasses you are wearing, cal and see him.



FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year; or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

*Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 19, 1904.

The State League of Republican Clubs of California on Tuesday adopted resolutions strongly endorsing President Roosevelt.

The name of Secretary Cortelyou has been suggested for Chairman of the Republican National Committee. He certainly would make a good man for the place.

The Democratic primaries for this county will be held at the various polling places on Saturday and on Tuesday next the convention will be held in the court house.

The Republicans of Illinois are in deadlock for the nomination of a Governor. The deadlock has been on for nearly a week and up to last night there were no signs of a break.

Joseph C. Sibley is being spoken of for United States Senator from Pennsylvania. Mr. Sibley is one of the ablest men in Congress and should he be chosen for this honor he would be an honor to the office.

The license question in Potter county is still unsettled, awaiting the decision of the Supreme Court, and no licenses will be granted until a decision is handed down by that body. Judge Ormerod has adjourned license court until that time and unless a favorable decision is rendered the whole of Potter county will be dry after June 16. Most of the licenses expired last Friday.

There is danger in the forest. Danger of getting lost; of having a tree fall on you; of stepping on a rattlesnake; of meeting a hungry bear. But one of the principle perils is the likelihood of meeting a fish warden immediately after you have been acquiring possession of certain undersized trout. The warden has taken the place of the old-fashioned ogre, or bogie man of the wild and mysterious woodland. He is a man in whose spirit there is no gentleness. He carries about with him no pity or generosity. His duty—and fees—are ever before him like a beacon light in the darkness, and he is guided straight and sure, with his victim, to the nearest emporium of justice. And there he places his prisoner in the dock while the scales of justice make sundry tips toward the law's conservators, and these tips must be paid for by the cringing criminal who has been fishing. Better would it be, dear reader, that thou shouldst never have a fish story to tell than to fall into the hands of a wandering warden when thy basket is full of minnows. Yea indeed verily.—Bradford Era.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., May 14, 1904.

There being now no very pressing important matters before the Executive branch of the government for consideration and settlement the President's cabinet is already on the wing for distant parts of the country. The President himself, and Mrs. Roosevelt, will soon visit Gorton, Mass., to attend the closing exercises of the school where their two eldest boys are being educated. Secretary Shaw has already gone to St. Louis to attend the world's Press Convention, and deliver an address before that body. Secretary Shaw and Attorney General Knox will soon visit the Pacific Coast and deliver a number of political speeches, which are intended to arouse the dormant public. Secretary Taft has gone to the wilderness of New York to get rid of a bad cold and to brace up by fishing and resting. Pension Commissioner Ware has announced that he will retire from his position at the end of the year. He only consented to become Commissioner at the urgent request of the President, and has long wished to resign. He gave a banquet a few days ago to the chiefs in his division, and paid them a high compliment for their efficiency, faithfulness and and loyalty. The Commissioner is certainly very popular, but he prefers the freedom of his law practise in Kansas. Undoubtly he could come back to Congress if he wished.

Today your correspondent looked into the auction rooms where the magnificient house furnishings and trappings belonging to Senator Stewart of Nevada, and which formerly adorned Castle Steward on Dupont Circle, have been sent to be disposed of at public auction. The extent and magnificence of the collection is astounding, worthy of an East Indian or Chinese prince. The sale is the sensation of the day, and has come near revealing to the public a scandal in the family of the millionaire Senator. The two daughters of the Senator protest that the articles belonged to their mother, and that they should be kept in the family. The Senator has replied, in a card to the public, that upon the death of his wife he gave the keys of the castle to his daughters and told them to help themselves. He now sells what they left, which he claims is his own personal property. The articles are largely of Chinese and East Indian manufacture, but include also rich sets of furniture rococo style, florid, gilt and upholstered in Aubusson tapestries, all of French make. Other furniture is solid ebony and teak wood exquisitely carved and upholstered in Persian hand embroidery. The wall hangings and portiers consist of the richest and most elaborate embroideries ever seen in this country, of Chinese hand work; great golden dragons, storks, peacocks, fishes and conventional designs, on blue and yellow satin. The colors are very brilliant and the work remarkable. If the Senator would only give these things to the National Museum he would be regarded as a public benefactor. It is probable that these priceless articles of Eastern manufacture came into his possession from the Chinese Minister who once occupied Castle Steward.

Since Congress altered the laws, making only one offence ground for divorce in the District of Columbia, the divorce lawyers have been out of business, and the press has been saved the necessity of printing much scandal. Interest has been awakened, however, in the announcement that Mrs. James G. Blaine will seek a divorce from her young husband, good naturely known as Jimmy Blaine. She is the daughter of Admiral Hichborn of Washington and married Mr. Blaine against the wishes of her parents. It is averred that she had an offer of marriage from Senator Depew. It will be recollected that Mr. Blaine first married Miss Marie Nevins who procured a divorce and afterwards married Dr. Bull of New York. The suit will probably be prosecuted in New York, where the couple now live.

Wednesday and Thursday of this week the American Cotton Manufacturers Association held its 8th annual convention in this city. Most of the Delegates were from the Southern States and their wives and daughters came with them. A large number of short addresses were made on all sorts of subjects connected with cotton manufacturing, such as the cost of power, forests and water power, conditions of the cotton growing, and the effects of speculation on cotton. Among the speakers were Secretary Cortelyou, Prof. Carpenter of Cornell University, and Mr. Pinchot, the forestry expert, who gave it as his opinion that the Federal Government would have to interfere to protect the forests at the head waters of streams. On Thursday afternoon the President received the members of the Association at the White House. Already the South has become a great manufacturing center, while the business of cotton manufacturing in New England is in a precarious condition.

The friends of Secretary Taft, considering his great weight, and his unusual activity, to say nothing of the pressure of an immense amount of business, to which the building of the Panama Canal has just been added, have felt for some time that the strain might prove too great and his health give way. His physician has warned him that he is depleting his power, and has advised him to camp out for ten days or so in the Adarondack mountains of New York. The President is anxious for him to go, and he will do so at once, having cancelled a number of engagements to speak in Massachusetts. He is, however, expected to be present at the Grand Army reunion in Hartford, Conn. The Secretary is suffering from a cold and tonsilitis. He needs rest, but it is a question if the cold climate of the Adarondacks is just the thing for one in his condition.

A Porto Rican has been refused employment at the Navy Yard here on the expressed and only ground that he is "not a citizen of the United States". But your correspondent has in his possession a lithographed passport of the State Department which alleges in large type that all Porto Ricans are citizens of the United States. This needs straightening out.

SPRING SHOES.

Spring is surely coming—don't be discouraged.

You will find new

FOOTWEAR

and we have the most complete line ever brought to Smethport for Women, Men and Children.

All Styles. All Sizes.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport. Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

Notice of Application for Amendment to Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County on the 6th day of June, A. D. 1904, at 2 p. m., for the approval and granting of certain amendments to the charter of the Kanesholm Swedish Evangelical Lutheran church of Augustana Synod, as set forth in the petition therefore filed in said Court, agreeably to the provisions of the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1894, and the several supplements thereto.

Elmer C. Anderson, Solicitor.
Kane, Pennsylvania.

A REAL BARGAIN

is not necessarily an article at the lowest price. It is the best for the least money. That is the kind we handle and all goods are backed by our guarantee. Money back if goods are not correct.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

ACME MILL.
GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

HONEST ENDEAVORS to satisfy the needs and requirements of our patrons is our first consideration. In this way we have built up a constantly increasing trade. If you have any

Plumbing

to be done we would like to do the work for you. Our workmanship is unsurpassed and our prices are very reasonable. No job is too small or too large for us to undertake. We want your trade to prove the merits of our work.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS - - - $45 000.00.

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

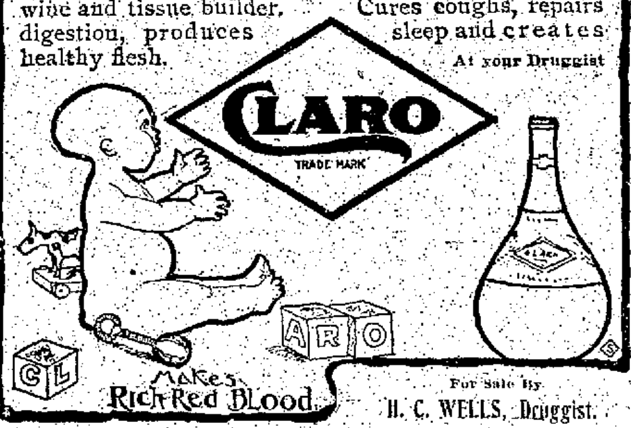
DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

PERFECT CONTENTMENT

Children, as well as grown people, made healthy, happy and strong by taking Claro, the modern tonic-wine and tissue builder. Cures coughs, repairs digestion, produces sleep and creates healthy flesh.

At your Druggist



For Sale by
H. C. WELLS, Druggist.

TO EVERYBODY

Whenever you visit Bradford it is our wish that you come and see us, whether you have cause or not.

Most homes have a man or a boy about and as long as we are in the men's and boys' outfitting business we claim the right to extend an invitation to you to call on us.

New things for spring are opening daily, and now that you know our wishes come.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Stor

We are sole selling agents for the

Globe-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

A Remarkable Collection of
SPRING SACK SUITS

For men and young men, that for variety of styles and fabrics and quality of materials and workmanship, never had its equal in this city.

If you wish to dress well and have an eye to economy, it will be decidedly to your interest to come here to examine and try on the

Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing

in which you'll find every feature that characterizes the finest to-order-made apparel that costs twice as much.

In our single and double-breasted Sack Suits at $13.50, you have an almost unlimited choice of fine imported and domestic fabrics. Ordinarily $15 to $20 would be a fair price, but we say, special at $13.50

Timely Togs for Boys

Just the sort of "duds" the big boys and little boys need during the variable springtime weather, are here in a great assortment of styles, fabrics and prices.

H. W. RUBIN
SMETHPORT, PA.

Copyright 1904 by the makers of MICHAELS-STERN FINE CLOTHING. MICHAELS, STERN & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WE GIVE PURPLE STAMPS WE GIVE PURPLE STAMPS

WASH GOODS

WASH GOODS ARE PRICED RIGHT

I am offering fancy white goods in separate shirt waist patterns, 3½ yard lengths, for

$1.75

Have just received a new line of the well known Waldorf Shirt Waists and Shirt Waist Suits. Call and look them over.

Gaze
Bourettes
Embroidered
Pineapple
Silk Ginghams
Wash Silks
Soiesettes
Dimities
White Goods
Etc.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

May 10, 1904. Fresh line of Groceries always on hand

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY
and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

McCoy's Drug Store.

Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda with Crushed Fruits.

The Lindholm

Carpets, Lace Curtains

SECOND FLOOR

This Department is complete with all the best colorings and designs in the Royal Ingrain Carpets, Pro Brussels, Velvets, Axminsters and Savonneries.

Thirty different styles of Lace Curtains, ranging in price from 45c to $8.50 per pair.

Some broken lots of one, two or three pairs of a kind that we close out at greatly reduced prices.

Royal Ingrain Carpets of the very best manufacture,	75c yd.
Bro Brussels, heavy and durable,	75c yd.
Union Ingrains in very desirable patterns,	48c yd.
Cotton Ingrains, No. 1 quality	35c yd.
Cottage Carpet, an entirely different design on either side	40c yd.
Very Handsome Art Squares, green and red patterns, 3 yds. by 4 yds.	$4.80
China Mattings, plain and fancy colors,	19c and 35c yd.

Carpet Remnants, some having enough for a medium-sized room, others not so much, all go at a great saving to the purchaser.

REFRIGERATORS

It is needless to discuss the necessity of cold storage. Keeping food is not merely a saving of money, but a saving of health. Days of poisonous meats, decayed fruits or vegetables are passed.

THE MASCOT REFRIGERATORS

are made on scientific principles and are the best for family use. They save ice and are always dry and cool. The prices range from $8.00 up and the $8.00 size is plenty large for a small family. Call in and see them.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 19, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Sheriff's sales appear in this issue.

—Our amateur ball team is a sure thing.

—Olean will celebrate the ever glorious Fourth of July.

—Holmes & Gilfillan advertise mower sharpeners this week.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spangle on Tuesday, May 17, a girl.

—Grant Duke, a prominent and wealthy Wellsville man, died on Wednesday of last week.

—Dr. F. H. Williams, the Bradford eye specialist, will be here again on May 30 and 31. See advertisement.

—Ridgway is still suffering with a typhoid fever epidemic. There are 100 cases now and the death rate is 10 per cent.

—A basket social will be given at the Union church in East Smethport on Saturday evening, May 21st. All are invited.

—Monday evening Mr. Foster entertained at his home in honor of the class of 1904. The guests were the Senior class and the Faculty.

—Prothonotary S. E. Bell was taken suddenly ill last Sunday but at this time he is sufficiently improved to be able to attend to his duties.

—Ten divorce cases were argued before Judge Bouton last Friday, which shows that marriage is sometimes a failure in this neck of the woods.

—Refrigerators is the topic in Redfield's Hardware this week. The Mascot is made a leader and it certainly is among the very best on the market.

—The ladies will be all interested in Fry & Herzog's new advertisement this week. The new things in silks and wash goods are very pretty and the very latest.

—See Bryant & Saville in their clever comedy musical act at Lyceum Theatre on Thursday evening, May 26. The press speaks very favorably of this team.

—The ball game between the cutters of the two glass factories was postponed on account of rain. Weather permitting, the game will be pulled off on Saturday.

—Hon. Henry Hamlin purchased a fine team of driving horses in New York state last week. They are a handsome pair of chestnuts and it is said they are fast steppers.

—Will Smethport celebrate the Fourth of July this year? If we are to do anything it is time we were at it. Let us have a good celebration or none at all, and to have a good one now is the time to commence.

—Many of our sidewalks are receiving much needed repair.

—This is the time of year when neighbors can avoid trouble by keeping their hens shut up.

—B. D. Colegrove, who has been in Austin for the past few years, has moved his family back to Smethport.

—"Sampson's Riddle" is the topic for next Sunday evening at the Methodist church. Music by boy choir and male quartette. The morning topic is, "The Coming of Christ."

—Rev. G. H. Patterson is in Silver Creek this week in attendance at the Chautauqua District Christian Endeavor Convention. He will address the convention on "The Open Door in China."

—"Roddy" Swearer had a hearing before Justice Knapp on Tuesday on the charge of beating his wife. He was held for court in the sum of $300, in default of which he was sent to jail to await trial.

—The local management of the Lyceum has secured Mr. Fred H. Marcille's company of high class vaudeville artists for a return engagement on next Thursday evening, May 26th. An entire change of program will be given.

—Two Hungarians were seriously injured by the premature explosion of some dynamite near Howard Junction on the B., R. & P. Ry. last Thursday. One was blown a distance of about 50 feet and escaped with only flesh wounds.

—The Elmira Telegram celebrated its 25th anniversary last week by getting out a souvenir issue. The progress of this paper in the last quarter of a century has been most wonderful and speaks very highly of its editors and managers.

—Constable Jones went to St. Marys Tuesday and arrested Harold Caffey on a charge of violating the innkeepers' act, the charge being made by Mrs. William Rickey. At a hearing before Justice Knapp he was held for court in the sum of $100 bail, in default of which he was remanded to jail.

—Invitations are out for the wedding of Miss Lella Katherine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Billings Field, and Dr. Henry Allen Eastman, both of Jamestown, N. Y., to take place on Wednesday, June 1. Dr. Eastman was a former Smethport boy and has many friends here who will wish him happiness.

—The New York World says of Parker's dogs: "A very complete reversal of form is shown in the Parker dog act. A year ago and further back Parker used to worry the dogs and the audience with his own profitless worry about speed. If anything went wrong he confounded confusion and the act went to pieces. He has the same dogs now, but he has them better trained, and is himself under control." At the Lyceum on Thursday evening, May 26,

—Miss M. Marshall and Miss Della McGilvary, teachers in the Bradford schools, have accepted positions as teachers in the Porto Rican public schools. They will leave for that country in a short time.

—The last regular meeting of the Travellers' Club for its calendar year will be held at the home of Mrs. F. W. Brownell on Saturday next. Mrs. Hogarth will read her report of the Northwestern Federation of Pennsylvania Women. This with other special topics will make the meeting one of much interest.

—On Thursday afternoon of last week Judge Bouton handed down his decisions in the license applications. He granted all of the licenses excepting four, all of which were new applications. These were Ralph P. Yerdon of the Uneeda Hotel and Dawson P. Crowe of the Park Avenue Hotel, both of Kane, and the wholesale licenses of P. H. Kilday and Lewis B. Stone of Port Allegany.

—Claud Arnold, a well-known young man of Bradford, committed suicide by taking an overdose of morphine at his rooms over 22 Main street in that city on Sunday last. He took his life because his wife would not live with him. Arnold, who was 30 years old, had been drinking heavily for some time past and his wife and five-year-old child were forced to leave him.

—The Smethport bowling team defeated the Edgewood bowling team last evening by a score of 2238 to 2205. Two and a half games were played, the last game being interrupted in order that the participants could attend the performance at the Bradford theatre. The Smethport team was composed of S. E. Bell, W. H. Morrison, T. H. Purtle, Luther Johnson, Ward Means and L. Marks. The Edgewood team was composed of Willis M. Kincaid, George Reidy, R. W. Edgett, A. H. Fuller, E. D. Hyde and A. J. Bond.—Saturday's Star.

Ex-Mayor in Lockup.

Alonzo Weed, a tramp, was released from the lockup this morning after serving a five days' sentence for vagrancy. Weed is very small, not being five feet in height. He is the man that was placed on the ticket at the city election in Zanesville, O., last fall as a candidate for mayor. It was done as a joke but as there was only one other candidate and his friends were so sure of his election they staid away from the polls. The practical jokers who had placed Weed's name at the head of the party ticket polled more votes than the opposition. Weed was therefore declared mayor of the city, but later was impeached by councils as a common tramp and was unseated. Weed told the story of his election at police headquarters and evidently does not believe that it was a joke and certainly is indignant over the impeachment. He claims that he secured a judgment against the town of Zanesville for $1,500, and that he spent the amount during the winter.

Additional Train on B., B. & K. R. R.

Commencing Saturday, May 21st. and every Saturday thereafter during the summer months, the Buffalo, Bradford & Kane R. R. Co. will run an additional passenger train from Smethport to Bradford and return, leaving Smethport at 6:15 p. m., arriving Bradford at 7:40 p. m., returning leave Bradford at 11:00 p. m., arriving Smethport at 12:25. One fare for the round trip, or 75 cents from Smethport. Tickets also good going on regular train leaving Smethport at 4:40 p. m. This arrangement affords an opportunity for persons along the line of the B., B. & K. R. R., to attend the first class vaudeville shows now being given at the New Bradford Theatre at the popular admission prices of 10, 20 and 30 cents, also the many other attractions at the lively city of Bradford.

H. H. GARDINER,
General Passenger Agent.

Rural Free Delivery.

Postmaster Oberg has received instructions from the Post Office Department to establish a rural free delivery system from Mt. Jewett to Wamsley's store at Griffith, the Mt. Jewett and Kane road to Lantz, and the Lafayette road from there to the junction with Guffey road; in all a distance from Mt. Jewett and return of fifteen and two-tenths miles. Mail will leave Mt. Jewett at 9 a. m., returning at 3 p. m. The route covers the homes of 500 people, who will thus be placed in closer touch with the great big world.—Mt. Jewett News.

Excursion to Niagara Falls.

The P., S. & N. Railroad Company has made arrangements to run a low priced popular excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls on Sunday, May 29th. The special will leave Smethport at 8:48 in the morning. The round trip ticket is good for two days, allowing excursionists time to spend Monday, May 30th, Memorial Day, in Buffalo or at Niagara Falls. The price for the round trip is $2.25.

C. J. RENWICK, G. P. A.

"Protection is Panic Proof"

is the title of the recent speech of Senator J. H. Gallinger of New Hampshire. The speech has been issued in document form by the American Protective Tariff League. One copy will be forwarded to any address upon postal card request addressed to W. F. Wakeman, General Secretary, 339 Broadway, New York. Ask for Document No. 78.

We Have It and Have It Right

Poultry Netting, Barbed Wire, Garden Tools, Sprinkling Hose, Churns, Cream Separators, Dairy Pails and everything that goes to make up a complete stock.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Chadwick's Orchestra.

This organization solicits bids for all kinds of parties, receptions, dinners, etc. For terms apply to John E. Chadwick, Manager, Smethport, Pa. Piano furnished when required.

Personal Mention.

G. B. Mayo had business in Bradford Tuesday.

Henry Sigel of Olean was in town Tuesday.

S. D. Weaver spent Sunday with his wife in Kane.

John B. Eastman had business in Kane last Friday.

Miss May Choate is visiting her sister in Binghamton, N. Y.

J. Clayton Backus is a business visitor in Pittsburg this week.

William Clothier of Buffalo spent Sunday with friends in town.

F. B. Grantier and daughter of Newerf were visitors in town to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest returned Saturday from a visit in Buffalo.

Lynn Hopper of Belmont spent Sunday with his parents in this place.

Mrs. John Hugg and Miss Sallie Nixon are visiting Port Allegany friends.

Attorney E. L. Ryan of Kane was transacting legal business in town Monday.

Dr. Guard Young of Geneva, N. Y., is a guest at the home of his brother, D. C. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hungiville and infant daughter of Rixford spent Sunday with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. George Clark of Mexico were guests of his brother, Dr. John Clark, over Sunday. They left Monday night for New York on the way to their Southern home.

The Advertising Agency of W. S. Hill & Company, favorably known to the newspaper publishers throughout the country have incorporated under the title of W. S. Hill Company with a paid up capital of $100,000.00, Pennsylvania Charter, and are now located in larger and most complete offices, Ninth Floor of the Vandergrift Building, 323 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburg. This agency is fully equipped with a competent corps of illustrators and business writers, which enables them to place at the disposal of their clients and new advertisers every assistance for the planning and development of intelligent and effective advertising. W. S. Hill Company has justly earned the title of "A Dependable Agency."

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

Fishermen Take Notice.

We have the most complete stock of Fishing Tackle and Fishermen's Sundries to be found in the county.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

For Sale.

New dwelling house, centrally located, East Main street, modern improvements and good lot. Particulars furnished at this office.

THE AROMA OF A

370

CIGAR

Is like the Flower that blooms in the Spring.

For Sale at All First-Class Cigar Stands.

ONLY 5 CENTS.

First Come
First Served

Our Clothing Stock must be reduced before Inventory time, because it is easier to take account of cash than garments. Hence we offer most goods at a reduction and all

Young Men's and Boy's Suits at Almost

HALF PRICE

$5.00 & $6.00 Suits at	$3.50
$7.50 & $8.00 Suits at	$5.00
$9.00 & $10.00 Suits at	$6.50

Your choice of black and blue serge clays and fancy worsteds.

Wm. Monheimer.

MONARCH SHIRTS
$1.00 & $1.50

BELL 'PHONE.

BANNER PATTERNS
10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & HERZOG

NEW SILKS
For Shirt Waist Suits

We want you to see the prettiest lot of silks in suit pattern lengths that we have ever had.

They are the latest designs possible to obtain anywhere and we are sure you will admit them modestly priced.

Only one pattern of a kind.

Per yard 75c

Another lot of cheaper grade silks.

Per yard 50c

WASH PETTICOATS

A very attractive well made skirt in four colors—blue, pink, gray and red.

They are amply proportioned and neatly trimmed with ruffles, worth $1.25,

Special, each, $1.00

HABUTAI SILK WAISTS

We received this week a sample lot of these waists so much in favor now.

The styles are exceedingly dainty and the values exceptional.

Prices $2.50 to $5.00

FRY & HERZOG.

Do You Know That for Just

$1.00

BY OUR NEW IDEAL MOWER SHARPENER

You can have your dull and disabled Mower made to work better than new. There is no guess work about it. No more bunglesome sharpening. By its use every blade is sharpened with the utmost exactitude, the bevel being kept at the same degree all along the blade. Telephone, write or call on us, and we will get, sharpen and return, all for the sum above mentioned.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies and Fishing Tackle.
We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.
Smethport, Pa McKean County.

MAY SALE.

During this month I will cut prices on all lines of goods to reduce stock.

Now is the time to buy and save good money. "Diamonds will be a specialty," prices guaranteed, have your money back if not satisfied. The line consists of all new up-to-date goods.

Diamonds Watches Cut Glass
Jewelry Solid Silver Bric-a-Brac
Clocks Umbrellas Hand Painted China
Bronzes Novelties Plated Ware

7 MAIN ST. PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PURCHASE YOUR NEW

NEW SPRING HAT

Everything in the latest and up-to-date Millinery is found here.

Our line of Skirts of all kinds are unexcelled in style and price.

It is now time to buy the Shirt Waist Wash Suit for Spring. We have them in a variety of styles and colors.

A special line of Infants' and Children's Dresses, Cloaks and Bonnets.

The latest in Gloves, Belts, Neckwear and Fancy Articles. Just step in and look them over. It will pay you.

MRS. A. E. HNMAN

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

The Road Mia Chose

By SARAH COMSTOCK

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"How slow you are, Candida!"

"Yes." It was entirely good tempered. Therefore the other voice became crosser.

"What's the use primping two hours for that mere nobody of a Filiberto?"

"To be sure, what is the use?" Candida's good temper was maddening. Her mother was at the remote end of the house, but she could see mentally the smiling, tantalizing face that she knew so well.

Candida's mirror smiled back at her. It was a tiny mirror with a shabby frame, but it held the loveliest and most famous picture in all Alta California. The portrait was that of a sixteen-year-old girl, strongly built and exquisitely rounded, as those Castilian girls of old California were—the complexion a pure Castilian olive without a tinge of rose; the eyes a sparkling vivid black; the hair, as black as the eyes, a splendid mass coiled high and caught with a comb.

"Ah, but it is of use, even if Filiberto is a mere nobody. What do you think, lovely señorita?" she said to the face in the mirror. The face laughed back at her.

Candles were fastened to the wall on each side of the mirror, so that a strong light was thrown on the face therein. Candida could watch it to good advantage as it grew lovelier under her skillful touch.

A lock of hair did not suit her. She brushed it, pulled it, unfastened it, refastened it, finally pulled down the whole mass of hair in a heap and began coiling it all over from the beginning.

"You're the slowest of all my girls," fretted her mother in the dining room.

It made no difference to her whether Candida was slow or not on this occasion, but she was out of sorts with all the world. She had expected that the comandante would invite her daughter to accompany him to the fandango tonight. She had watched in vain for the message. She saw her matchmaking fizzled after being brought to a critical point.

"Where's the girl?" growled a terrific voice. It was that of her husband.

"She's dressing."

"What for, when she's going with nobody but Yorba? She had as well wear her working gown."

"Ah! Dios, after all our hopes!" Señora Barrajas wrung her fat hands.

"It's of no avail to whimper about it. The girl's been a fool, you may count on that, no matter what she says. She's done something to annoy the comandante—it's like her. Stubborn as her mother. She will reap as she sows."

"My stubbornness made me marry you," put in the señora.

"And you got better than you ever deserved." He strode out of the room, grumbling like a thunderstorm.

Candida, adjusting her comb, heard it all and smiled.

"Ah, madre mia, how blind you are in spite of your lynx eyes," she said and took a note from her bosom.

"Contrary to custom, I send this to you instead of to your mother," she reread with satisfaction. "For it is your answer I desire. Will you accompany me to the fandango? If not I shall go to Santa Barbara on business, for the fandango without you would hold no charms."

Below was what any girl in California would have given her black eyes for—the signature of the popular comandante.

No member of the family had seen the messenger ride up and deliver this note to Candida. Nor had any one seen her send back her answer which read:

"I must beg to be excused from this fandango, for my ankle is still weak since Pero threw me, and I dare not risk a dance."

Nor did any one know that she sent another message to a certain "nobody."

"The coast is clear. The comandante is going to Santa Barbara, so he will never know that I go to the dance. Father will let me go with you for the once, for he thinks I have no other invitation."

Candida's conscience shook off fibs as a duck shakes off water. There was not a cloud on her brow as she made herself lovely for the ball. Her father had given a grumbling "yes" to Filiberto's invitation. He had refused over and over to let the girl accompany this young man, whose fault was poverty, but now pique played its part, and as he realized that the comandante was not inviting Candida after all his promising attentions he resolved that she should not be left at home.

"I don't care; take her to the dance if you want to," he said to Filiberto Yorba. Then he went off muttering curses on the head of the comandante. They had gambled together many a time, and they had lain side by side in their cups when the aguardiente was plenty. "Now the man is jilting my daughter, is he?"

Candida tucked the note in her bosom again. It would be fun to show it to Filiberto when they had a little time alone.

"Tell Filiberto I'll be ready in a minute," she called as she heard the light hoofs of Mia.

She moved the comb to the other side, then back to its original position. Behind her ear she fastened a great crimson rose.

"You are lovelier than ever," Filiberto whispered as she gave him a glimpse of the picture she was. Then she threw a white mantilla over her head and shoulders, her face and the rose peeping out from the snowy lace.

"Good evening, Mia," she said, patting the little horse's nose. It gave a happy whinny, for it knew Candida.

Her father and mother came from the house and said a surly good evening to the handsome young Spaniard. To them he was entirely objectionable. In that he had no property, no influential father, nothing but his own cleverness and courage to depend upon. Furthermore, they strongly suspected their daughter of preferring him to the shrewd old political fox to whom they were trying to marry her.

"Permit me to thank you both for intrusting your daughter to my care tonight," he said blithely in spite of the frowns that greeted him.

Candida patted the restless pony again. "Are you in a hurry, Mia?" she said. "Come, Filiberto, we must start. Mia says she will not wait."

The girl put her little red slippered foot into the stirrup. Filiberto helped her as she sprang, and she was perched aloft in the gala day saddle, all carved and besilvered. With a bow to the old people he sprang up behind her, as was the Californian custom.

He reached forward to adjust the reins. Mia turned to be off. But the word had not been given when a clatter of hoofs sounded beyond the house. All turned to see who the arrival was. The hoofs clattered more sharply as the gallop slowed. Up rode the comandante.

At the sight of Candida about to ride away he turned white with anger, as his way was.

"Ah, señorita, may I inquire who your physician may be that your ankle heals so quickly?"

The father and mother stood silent, looking from one to the other. Suspicion, fear, rage, were creeping upon them. It was no time to parry, the girl knew.

"There is but one physician who can heal every hurt," she replied. "He is love. I am in his charge. Off, Mia!" And the pony was away with the pair.

"You mean it?" said Filiberto.

She only tossed him a teasing laugh now. "How Mia flies!" she said, dodging his question. "There are the lights of the fandango."

Far away glittered the brilliant lights in a great ranch house. Suddenly the road divided. At the end of one branch were the lights of the gay ball; at the end of the other one lamp shone from the mission.

"Listen!" said Filiberto and stopped the horse. A strange blending of sounds came to their ears; guitar and violin sounded faintly from the left; from the right came the faraway chime of the mission bell.

"To the left lies the dance," he said slowly. "After it—home again, a storm of wrath—you and I separate forever."

"Yes," she said, the merriment gone out of her eyes.

"To the right," he went on. "Father Juan, our old priest and friend. He knows us and loves us. He will marry us tonight."

"Oh!" she cried with a little shudder.

"Shall it not be the right road?"

"Oh—I'm afraid—I can't"—

"Say the right."

She hesitated, perplexed. Then she cried: "I know. I'll let Mia decide. We shall see which way she chooses."

She pushed his hands from the reins, drew Mia to the middle of the fork and stopped her. "Now go, Mia," she said.

The horse flung up her head and galloped into the dark road on the right.

"Mia, you shall feed upon sugar lumps for the rest of your life," Filiberto said.

It was not for many years that Candida made a confession to her husband. "I tweaked the right rein," she owned then. "I was so afraid Mia might make a mistake."

Willing to Repeat.

The office boy to a large firm of publishers was a smart lad, and when he was sent to one of the operative departments with a message he noticed at once that something was wrong with the machinery. He returned, gave the alarm and thus prevented much damage. The circumstance was reported to the head of the firm, before whom John was summoned.

"You have done me a great service, my lad," he said. "In future your wages will be increased $1 weekly."

"Thank you, sir," said the bright little fellow. "I will do my best to be worth it and to be a good servant to you."

The reply struck the chief almost as much as the lad's previous service had done.

"That's the right spirit, my lad," he said. "In all the years I have been in business no one has ever thanked me in that way. I will make the increase $2. Now, what do you say to that?"

"Well, sir," said the boy after a moment's hesitation, "would you mind if I said it again?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Novel Advertisement.

That sentiment can be used with good effect in an advertisement the Germans evidently believe; otherwise it is difficult to account for the following letter, which appeared among the business notices in a German paper:

My Dearest Charlotte—My heart is almost broken because your father has forbidden me to call on you, and I know the only reason is because I am not wealthy. I cannot, however, live without you, and so we must meet somewhere.

Meet me tomorrow morning about 10 o'clock at —— in —— street. I mean that large store where they sell men's clothing. You know it's such a popular place that it's always crowded, and therefore no one will be able to spy on us. Besides, I intend to buy an overcoat, and I'd like to have your advice. In this store they have clothes of all colors and styles, so that I could never make up my mind if I were alone. Now, remember, my darling, I'll expect you at 10 o'clock, and I hope you won't disappoint me.

HE COULD PREACH.

At First He Thought He Couldn't, but Changed His Opinion.

In the early days of Methodism in the west a circuit elder, if he had a large field to cover, was sometimes permitted to have a colleague, who was frequently a young minister, just beginning to preach. The Rev. John Thompson was a circuit elder in a somewhat thinly settled portion of central Illinois more than fifty years ago. The colleague assigned to him was Brother James Smith, an excellent young man, but with very little experience as a preacher.

One Sunday Mr. Thompson had an appointment at a small meeting house in the country, but having a severe cold he asked his young assistant to go along with him and preach the sermon, and the latter, as in duty bound, obeyed orders.

Brother Smith had never undertaken to preach in the presence of his more experienced colaborer, and when, after the opening services, he rose and gave out his text he was visibly embarrassed.

He stammered through a few sentences, hesitated, made another attempt and came to a dead stop.

"What's the use, brethren?" he said, sitting down. "I can't preach!"

Brother Thompson saw that the case was one in which heroic measures were necessary.

"Young man," he whispered sternly in his ear, "you get up again and preach that sermon or I'll take you out in the grove after this meeting is over and give you a hard spanking, as sure as your name is Smith!"

An electric shock could not have operated quicker. Brother Smith rose to his feet again, his hesitation all gone, and in ringing tones he preached a sermon that is still remembered by aged survivors of that old time congregation as the most fervid and eloquent discourse they ever heard so young a man deliver.—Youth's Companion.

THE ORIFLAMB.

A Standard That Has Played a Conspicuous Part In History.

The Carlovingian standard was really no other than the oriflamb, which has played so conspicuous a part in French history, but was not formally adopted until 1082, in the reign of Philip I. It consisted of a red or crimson flag, mounted on a gilded staff, the flag being cut into three "vandykes," to represent "tongues of fire," with a silken tassel between each.

The old romance writers pretended that the infidel was blinded by merely looking upon it. In the "Roman de Garin" the Saracens are made to exclaim, "If we only see it, we shall be dead men," and Froissart affirms that as soon as it was unfurled at Rosbecque the fog vanished from the French line of battle, leaving their enemies still shrouded in darkness.

Thus red, the color which the church has consecrated to her martyrs, became in its turn the color of the French kings. They wore it on their coats of arms through the whole period of the crusades, and as late as the closing decade of the fourteenth century were still faithful to this "glorious blazon."

The famous Du Guesclin, fighting against the English in Poitou, wore the red cross, while his adversaries wore the white. But after the great defeat at Agincourt in 1415 the French kings abandoned the oriflamb, because it had been assumed by Henry V. and his successors, and adopted white as a national color when England had discarded it. This is a curious but little known historical fact.—All the Year Round.

Teeth as Sentinels.

"When thou sittest to eat with a ruler consider diligently him that is before thee," says the Hebrew proverb, warning a king's guest to regulate his appetite by his host's temper. Boswell, Dr. Johnson's biographer, gives in his notebook a modern paraphrase of the old Jewish proverb: "I said of a rich man who entertained us luxuriously that, although he was exceedingly ridiculous, we restrained ourselves from talking of him as we might do lest we should lose his feasts. 'He makes our teeth sentinels on our tongues,' said I."

An Endless Chain.

"Isn't that the same suit you had last year, Uncle Peter?" the agent for sewing machines inquired.

The postmaster, storekeeper, town clerk and iceman looked at him in silence for a moment. "Yes, sir," he said at last in a chilly tone. "It is the same suit I had last year, and it is the same suit you asked me last year if it wasn't the same suit I had the year before. Now, have you got any more questions to ask, or will they hold over till next season?"

Men and Gossip.

"Why do men never gossip?" asked the woman who regards her husband as a great and good man.

"Because," answered Miss Cayenne, "they are too indolent. They insist on sending their wives out to get the news for them."—Washington Star.

Two Men.

"That fellow yonder"—

"What of him?"

"Just rich enough to be miserable. But the fellow standing near him is"—

"What?"

"Just poor enough to be resigned."—Atlanta Constitution.

Short.

"Why does Mr. Spatt wear such short trousers?"

"Because they fit him. I asked him for a small loan, and he said he was so short his corns made his head ache."—London Tit-Bits.

A WONDERFUL ANIMAL.

The Turtle Is a Peculiar Creature In Many Respects.

Almost alone among God's creatures, the turtle has but a single enemy—man. It does not seem to matter to the turtle whether he stays beneath the surface for an hour or a week, nor does it trouble him to spend an equal time on land if the need arises. He is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, yet his flesh partakes of the characteristics of all three. Eating seems a mere superfluity with him, since for weeks at a time he may be headed up in a barrel (with the bung out) and emerge after his long fast apparently none the worse for his enforced abstinence from food, from light and almost from air, and, finally, it may be truly said that of all the higher, warm blooded organisms there is none so tenacious of life as the turtle. I can truly say that I have seen the flesh cleared out of a turtle shell and hung up on a tree, where for hours the quivering, convulsive movements of the muscles went on. Not only so, but on one occasion only the head and tail were left attached to the shell. Some time had elapsed since the meat had been cut out of the carapace, and no one could have imagined that any life remained in the extremities. But a young Dane, noticing that the down hanging head had its mouth wide open, very foolishly inserted two fingers between those horny mandibles. They closed, and our shipmate was two fingers short. The edges of the turtle's jaw had taken them off clean, with only the muscular power remaining in the head. Signor Redi once cut a turtle's head off and noted that it lived for twenty-three days without a head, and another whose brain he removed lived for six months, apparently unconscious that it had suffered any loss.—Leslie's Monthly.

BALLOON SPIDERS.

They Voyage at Great Heights Over Sea as Well as Land.

Given a steady breeze and a free course, there is practically no limit to the distance which a ballooning spider may traverse. The writer has taken orb weavers from their snuggeries under divers sheltering projections at the highest attainable point on the dome of St. Peter's in Rome, whither they had doubtless been carried by the wind when younglings. One may see flecks of gossamer afloat at far greater heights. Seafaring folk often note spider balloons speeding by them at sea or entangled upon various parts of the vessel. Darwin, in his famous voyage of the Beagle, when sixty miles from land saw great numbers of small spiders with their webs. When they first came in contact with the rigging they were seated upon threads, and while hanging to these the slightest breath of air would bear them out of sight. Thus, though so far from land, the wee voyagers were still moving on over the main.

A steamship captain told the writer of a like observation made by him. While sailing along the eastern coast of South America during the month of March his ship was covered with innumerable spider webs. He was then more than 200 miles from land, about 400 miles south of the equator. The wind was blowing from the continent. "The spiders seemed like elongated balls," said the captain, "with a sort of umbrella canopy above them. They settled upon the sails and rigging and finally disappeared as they came. You know," he added, "that it is not unusual for birds to be blown out to sea. How much easier for a spider, provided he has the means to keep himself suspended in the air."—H. C. McCook, LL. D., in Harper's Magazine.

Bees Used In War.

There are at least two recorded instances in which bees have been used as weapons of defense in war. When the Roman general Lucullus was warring against Mithridates, he sent a force against the city of Themiscyra. As they besieged the walls the inhabitants threw down on them myriads of swarms of bees. These at once began an attack, which resulted in the raising of the siege. These doughty little insects were also once used with equal success in England. Chester was besieged by the Danes and Norwegians, but its Saxon defenders threw down on them the beehives of the town, and the siege was soon raised.

Times Have Changed.

Once upon a time a superstition existed that a lady ought to blame herself if a man whom she did not intend to accept proposed to her, but that, should such an unpleasant incident occur, it was at least not to be made a subject of gossip among her acquaintances. Parents thought it incumbent upon them to let a man understand in time if they did not wish him as a son-in-law. It is needless to remark that such honorable reticence and kindly prudence are quite out of fashion.—London Standard.

Why He Remained Home.

Model Husband (boastfully)—Yes, gentlemen, I've been married ten years and never spent a night away from home yet.

Doubting Thomas—Large and interesting family, eh?

"Only three of us."

"Have one child, eh?"

"No; the other is my wife's mother."

Optimistic.

Young Lawyer—Well, the judge has rendered a decision in our favor in that will case. Older Partner—Never mind. The other side will appeal, and we will continue to get fees out of it.—Puck.

Honesty is the best policy, but he who is governed by that maxim is not an honest man.—Whately.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—[illegible] E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Gifford, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—[illegible] Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

SMETHPORT.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hagberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; [illegible], treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. B. Redfield, [illegible], Chas. Johnson, J. W. [illegible], N. D. [illegible]
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
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High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—E. B. Freeman.
Auditors—C. B. Choate, A. H. Ridder.
Judge of Election—C. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ANDERSON, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FERGUSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K. [illegible]

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days.......... 11:09 a. m.
Train 126, week days.......... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days.......... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days.......... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:23 a. m. Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, [illegible] a. m. Sundays). Baltimore [illegible] a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily, for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9.35	Ridgway	12 05
[illegible]	Johnsonburg	11 49
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 16	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 26	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 03
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:02 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD,
Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 190[illegible]

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday, for [illegible], Simpson, Davis, Kinzua [illegible] Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. [illegible] with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

[illegible]—Train 10, [illegible] and intermediate points [illegible]

[illegible]

Trains arrive [illegible]

For tickets and full information call on or address [illegible], Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. F. [illegible],
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Feb. 28, 190[illegible]

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:38 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:43 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.)

9:00 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:32 a. m.); Olean (arr. 10:15 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.)

12:02 noon for Mt. Jewett (arr. 12:45 p. m.); connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 1:34 p. m.); Ridgway (arr. 1:47 p. m.); DuBois (arr. 2:55 p. m.) and Pittsburg (arr 6:45 p m)

2:11 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:43 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:25 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 4:28 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 5:01 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 5:31 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 7:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:10 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

5:00 p. m. for Larabee (arr. 5:42 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:08 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr. 8:05 p. m.

7:22 p. m. for St. Marys (arr. 9:10 p. m.); making close connection with P. R. R. train No. 4 for Harrisburg (arr. 4:15 a. m.); Philadelphia (arr. 7:17 a. m.); New York (arr. 9:46 a. m.).

Trains arrive: 8:50 a. m. from Mt. Jewett with connection from Kane; 9:00 a. m. from St. Marys; 12:02 noon from Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean; 2:11 p. m. from Mt. Jewett, with connection from B. R. & P. Ry.; 0:50 p. m. from Larabee; 7:22 p. m. from Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
O. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. STATIONS Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Ar. Eastward.						L'v Westward.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.30	2.25	9.10
7.56	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.50	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc.	7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.06
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.13	o	1.05	N. Coudsp't	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.26
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y, and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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M'Manus, Professional

By O. Henry

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NUMBER NINE, surgical ward, was lying quite still, with his eyes tightly closed and his little freckled hands pressed down hard on the covers so they might not see how they were trembling. Two doctors were standing by his bed. One was a large, portly man, with bushy gray hair and a pretentious manner.

"INDEED, I FULLY AGREE WITH YOU."

That was the great Dr. Fletcher, senior physician in charge. The other—younger, thin, less imperative, wearing double glasses and a therapeutic side whisker—was Dr. Parks, the junior. Number Nine pretended to be asleep and listened, for they were talking about the case.

"But—" said Dr. Parks hesitatingly.

"But what?" said Dr. Fletcher impatiently. "The symptoms are there."

"Except—"

"Except the fever. I know it doesn't carry temperature. [illegible] it has never been proved that fever is invariably attendant."

"[illegible]" began the junior.

"It is a dangerous thing in surgery, my dear Parks."

The objector succumbed. The great Fletcher had dropped the formal and always slightly ironical "doctor" and had called him "my dear Parks." It was an unusual thing for the senior physician in charge to court the opinion of the junior, and perhaps that is why the junior regarded the diagnosis of Number Nine with something resembling suspicion. However, he succumbed to the cajolery of his chief.

"I shall operate at 3 o'clock this afternoon," said Dr. Fletcher. "If you are to be present you will, of course, receive mention as 'assisting' in the operation. But, as you do not concur in the diagnosis, I"—

"Indeed," interrupted Dr. Parks—"indeed, I fully agree with you in all the main points and will be glad to act as your assistant. Your knowledge, your experience, your high rank"—

"Then," cut in the chief curtly, "at sharp."

Number Nine opened his eyes, which were pale blue and very strained and scared looking.

Being only ten years old, he believed in the superstition that doctors and operating knives are the natural enemies of the integral human being.

The new surgical nurse came along and stopped at the foot of the bed. He and Number Nine had become friends immediately after their acquaintance had begun.

Perhaps some explanation is due as to why the Needle's Eye hospital came to employ Robert McManus as a professional nurse. The hospital was supported by a legacy and managed by a board, and that accounted for many things besides the popping of many corks in the officers' quarters and exceeding thin beef tea in the patients' wards. For example, if a pleasant faced young fellow comes along and is willing to undertake for $50 certain duties that stand for $100 on the payroll, you naturally engage him on the spot. It is plain to see that the money will go further in other directions. In this wise we find McManus, professional, at his new post.

"Hello, kid!" said McManus, looking closely at the boy's chalky face. "What's the trouble?"

A skinny little paw crept from under the coverlet and clutched a finger of McManus' hand.

"Bob, you know as much as the doctors do, don't you?"

"Well, kid," said the nurse cogitatively, "a man gets rusty in his business sometimes. You see, I haven't been followin' my regular profession right lately. I played short and third with the Little Rocks all summer, and they went to pieces and left me on the bog. I saw an ad. in the paper about a professional nurse wanted here, so I thought I'd sign with the hospital till there's somethin' doin'. You might keep all that to yourself, though, kid."

"Bob," said the boy, with laboring breath, "do you know what pendy—sendy—sy—tis is?"

"Sure thing," answered McManus cheerfully. "The Sunday paper tells about it. But you don't call it right. It's appendiseedus. It comes from eatin' apple seeds, and they slice you up for it."

Number Nine's hand clung tighter. "They thought I was asleep," he continued—"the doctors did—and I heard 'em talkin'. What's op—per—rate, Bob?"

"Operate?" Bob rubbed his nose gently. "Why, that's the medical term for carvin'. They're goin' to carve some party up to see what's in um. Guess it's that guy in the last bed. I heard the croaker say last night he was goin' to cut off his narcotics."

"No, it's me, Bob; it's me! They was standin' right over me and thought I was asleep. Don't let 'em cut me up; Bob—please don't!"

"Steady, now, kid. Don't play too far off your base. Why didn't you say it was you?"

"I ain't got it, Bob—honest, I ain't! It's just a little pain that 'll be well in a few days. Don't let 'em do it, Bob!"

"Hold your base, now. These croakers ought to be on to their job. They want to do what's best for you. A croaker, you know, kid, he does the infightin', while a trained nurse like me only does the bottle and sponge act, you might say. They looked into your case. You been eatin' plenty apples, I guess, and swallowin' seeds."

"I double crisscross declare, Bob, I ain't et an apple in two months!"

"That's funny," mused the new nurse perplexedly. "It comes always from eatin' apple seeds. What give you this pain, then, kid?"

Number Nine drew a long, slow, quivering breath.

"Nothin' never give it to me," he answered dully—"nothin' 't all. Me fadder sent me here 'cause I was sick." After a pause he continued: "Me fadder gimme a sled one Chris'mus. Me fadder was good to me. Three o'clock, the doctor said, Bob, and it's most 12 now."

McManus laid Number Nine's paw back upon the covers and rose, stooping over him to arrange the pillow.

"Kid," he said thoughtfully, "you lay still and remember that Bob is goin' to look out for your interests. I'm goin' to investigate this business."

The hospital druggist, an anæmic young man in a garrulous checked suit and red necktie, was bending over his counter, jabbing capsules full of a white powder. Came the new nurse and leaned upon his elbow two feet away.

"Hospital pretty full for the time of year, doctor?" inquired the nurse insinuatingly, and scored a base hit.

"Oh, I'm not one of the physicians," said the druggist in a tone that intimated the loss to the institution. "Though if it wasn't for my looking after things I don't know what the patients would do, old Fletcher's away so much. You're the new nurse professional?"

"Professional—sure! It must take a pretty wise head, now, to hold your job. Guess you get on to all the latest dodges. What's your opinion about operatin' for appendiseedus, now?"

"It's a deuced neat caper," said the druggist, with a critical frown. "I always assist old Fletcher. He's crazy about appendi-ci-tis—excuse me—cases. He's writing a book on the subject. He's a brilliant operator, but I don't exactly approve of his plan of ligating and amputating below the ligature. I believe in suturing over it. Still, he's been successful."

"Your idea seems to me to be best," said McManus, with admiration in his tone. "Now, that kid, Number Nine, they're goin' to operate on—you think he's got it?"

"Well," said the druggist, slowly closing one eye, "did Eighteen have necrosis when Fletcher amputated his leg last Thursday? And did Five have septicæmia when he lost an arm on Saturday? I guess I can talk to you."

"You mean the kid ain't got it?" asked the nurse, with a shade too much interest in his voice. The druggist's enthusiasm ebbed a little. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, he's been diagnosed. Fletcher is supposed to know his business. But," he added in a little flurry of self vindication, "you know yours, too, so just take a look at the temperature chart on the wall behind his bed."

"You know a first class croaker—er—I mean doctor—that's got an office close around here?" asked the nurse suddenly.

"There's Dr. Melvor on the next corner below, this side of the street. I'm studying theory and practice with him after hours. He's A1, but not as daring as Fletcher."

Half an hour later McManus walked into Dr. Melvor's office and laid down $4.20 upon the table.

"That's my pile, doc," he announced. "Take it and write me out on a piece of paper full directions how to size up when a party's got appendiseedus, dead sure thing or not, whichever the case may be."

At a quarter to 3 Dr. Fletcher strolled into the surgical ward jingling silver in his pocket and humming a tune in a very flat key. In his pseudo-cheerful, loud voice he rallied the patients playfully—miserable wretches who much perforce seem visibly grateful for this gratis sick room heartiness—thus performing the part of the benefactor who condescends to relax.

Round the room he went, stopping here and there, pretending to be unaware of a certain bed, as a cat will sometimes circle, counterfeiting ignorance of a mouse she has caught and hid, disabled, a little out of her reach. While on his round he spoke a word to an attendant, who put on a big white apron and went and busied himself in a smaller adjoining room.

At five minutes to 3 the new nurse began to hover around Number Nine's bed. As the clock began to strike he had just completed his fifth or sixth pretended arrangement of the bedclothes. On the stroke Number Nine's hand closed, with a desperate grip of terror, around his friend's primary digit. Dr. Parks strolled in, imitating as far as his rather mean port would permit the benignant strut of his superior. Finally, as the cat abandons comedy and goes to its meat, the senior physician's stroll culminated at Number Nine's bedside.

"And how does my 'ittle man feel?" he lisped, with the painful sprightliness of a stranger to child talk.

The nurse's finger that the boy held seemed to be in a vise. Number Nine's freckles grew dark against his increasing pallor. His eyes, the irises of which were completely white encircled, stared so fixedly at the distinguished vivisectionist that that gentleman's spurious smile became almost real as he noted the marvelous resemblance of Number Nine to one of the many rabbits he had seen gaze thus up at him wired down to his dis-

"We will take 'ittle man in the other secting table. room and make um well. So nice! Diddle-dy-dum-dy-dee! You bring him," he added to McManus. "He seems to have taken a fancy to you."

Bob slipped one arm under Number Nine's neck and the other under his knees. The boy gulped a hard breath, probably to scream, but the nurse whispered to him:

"Don't play off too far, kid. Bob 'll bring you home when he gets to the bat. Sh—sh! Easy, now!"

The two doctors sauntered into the smaller room. The nurse followed, carrying Number Nine.

The attendant arranged the operating table. As the nurse laid Number Nine down he looked the boy straight in the eye and whispered:

"Will you trust Bob, kid?"

He heard a faint "Yes, Bob," and the small form, now Number Nine no longer, but a "subject," lay quite still, looking out the window, but never releasing his hold on his protector's finger.

The druggist bustled importantly in with the keys to the instrument cases. The doctors donned white gowns. Fletcher was humming a tune. Dr. Parks stuffed some absorbent cotton into a paper funnel and began to pour the ether.

"You may go now," said Fletcher to the nurse.

"No-o-o-o!" the shrill voice of the boy went, keen and startling, through the wards. Outside in the corridor a nurse said to another: "Operating without anæsthetics! Old Fletcher's getting in a bigger hurry than ever."

Dr. Fletcher bent over the boy.

"'Ittle man, let the good doctor give um medicine to make um well." To McManus he said: "You'd better stay till he's under the influence. He'll be quieter." The druggist was arranging the instruments on a little stand. Unexpectedly the nurse spoke up.

"Doc," he said quietly, "the kid knows what you brought him in here for. He heard you and the other croaker talkin' it over. Doc, don't you think you're callin' too many strikes on him?"

Dr. Fletcher regarded McManus as he would have gazed upon an anatomical freak, minus the pleasure.

"What does this buffoonery mean?" he asked coldly.

"Wait till I have a look at the score card," said the nurse, drawing a sheet of paper from his pocket. "Here you are! Doc, that kid ain't got appendiseedus any more than I have. I got all the runs—I mean the symptoms—right here. 'Localized pain,' it says; that he's got. 'Rigidity of the wall on right side;' maybe he's got that. 'Tenderness in the ilio-cae'—I'll have to pass that word up. But, doc, where's your fever? Where's your 'invariable rise of temperature?' The kid ain't had a nip o' fever since he's been sick. Besides, doc, I'll take a paralyzed oath he ain't et an apple in two months."

"I believed you presented yourself to be a trained nurse," said Dr. Fletcher, [illegible] for a moment the fire of his [illegible] wrath in the asbestos of sarcasm—"a professional."

McManus [illegible] the doctor's withering [illegible] with [illegible] in it. [illegible] with serene ambiguity.

[illegible] the hospital at [illegible]

"You [illegible] Number Nine [illegible] ing with the [illegible]

"Fresh [illegible] tution [illegible] Fletcher's [illegible] the more [illegible]

"Fairly [illegible] pasium [illegible]

"Wait to see my diploma?" He bent over Number Nine. "[illegible] my finger loose, kid, and [illegible] a home run."

McManus balanced himself lightly upon both feet, and now it would have been a captious critic who would not have said that his manner was purely professional. His arms moved outward, one after the other, with such apparent ease that it seemed out of all proportion to the exertion that the big doctor should fall, with his head in a corner and remain there; also that Dr. Parks should dive backward through a screen and present only the soles of his shoes to the rest of the action.

"Am I a trained nurse?" remarked that individual, addressing the query to emptiness, or rather to unheeded ears, for the attendant and the druggist had fled, neither of them feeling authorized to examine into the credentials of Gilligan's graduate.

"Catch on, kid!" said the nurse. Number Nine's bony arms clutched his deliverer's neck. He felt himself lifted, as a feather, from the cheated altar of

WITH SUCH APPARENT EASE.

science and borne out through the ward. One step they made when the nurse put on his hat and wrapped his coat around the boy. Then he took up his burden again and halted not until they were clear of the building and grounds of the Needle's Eye hospital.

On the sidewalk the boy said faintly: "I don't want to go back to me fadder, Bob. I wants to stay wid you."

"Not go back to your father, kid, what was good to you and bought you a sled Chris'mus?"

"'Twas a many a Chris'mus ago, Bob. He was good to me oncet, and I ain't fergot it. He's different now. He's a-drinkin'. I wants to stay wid you, Bob."

"And you shall, kid. I told you I'd bring you home when it was my strike, and I'll do it. There's plenty of jobs. I'll find another one before night, and we'll stick together. Bob wouldn't let you die on third!"

"Bob!"

"Yes, kid."

"I'd never tell anybody but you. I know what's de matter wid me."

"The mischief you do! You sure you didn't eat a apple, kid, and it slipped your mind, maybe?" asks McManus anxiously.

"Sure. I knows all about it. I didn't want nobody to know. He used to be awful good to me, Bob. That sled was a red one with a yellow rose on de side. I ain't forgot it. But last week he kicked me—here in the side. That's what's the matter, Bob."

"And you wouldn't— Well, I be—" said the ex-nurse.

STAINED GLASS WORK.

An Art In Which Methods Have Not Changed Much in Centuries.

The twentieth century American stained glass maker follows without important variation the simple methods of the French monk of eight centuries ago. The first requisite is the design. The artist makes a small water color sketch to show the general design and color scheme, accompanying it with detailed studies. From this two large drawings or cartoons are made, the exact size of the desired window. One cartoon shows where the leads will be placed—the thin strips of lead, hollowed on both sides and looking in a transverse section like the letter H, which form the framework to bind the pieces of glass together. Another drawing gives the size and shape of each piece of glass. This cartoon is cut into its component pieces by a pair (or triplet) of three bladed scissors, which leave between their parallel blades a space sufficient for the leads. These cut out patterns are put together again on a large glass easel, to which they are attached by wax, and the spaces between are blacked in to give the effect of the leads.

The easel is then placed against a window where the light can stream through it. The artist or his substitute replaces each paper pattern on the easel by a piece of glass of exactly the same size, cut from a sheet of glass of the color called for by the color sketch. The sketch is not followed exactly; experiment with the actual glass will suggest improvements. To a greater or less extent this stained glass is supplemented by painted glass, on which the colors are fired as in china painting. When all the pieces have been cut they are transferred to the "leading" drawing, the flexible leads are twisted into shape and soldered at the joints and a special cement applied to make the whole water tight. The window is now complete, ready to be put in position, where it is made secure by copper wires fastened to the transverse bars of iron.—Booklovers' Magazine.

KOREAN PROVERBS.

A man is good when he is old.

A thing is good when it is new.

He who hath eaten salt drinketh water.

When the tiger is gone, the fox is master.

If one is not observing, one sees nothing.

Does smoke come out of a fireless chimney?

The higher the mountain the deeper the valley.

One knows the face of a man, but not his interior.

One can paint the fur of the tiger, but not his joints.

A family who has no sickness for ten years must be rich.

As soon as the moon is full it begins to grow smaller.

Even the blind man can find his way through an open door.

When the ox has broken through the stall, repairs are first made.

Mark Antony's Mistake.

At a performance of "Julius Caesar" at Hurst college, England, some time ago, Mark Antony made a mistake when the dead body of Caesar was brought in. He apostrophized the fallen hero with impassioned eloquence, and the audience felt acutely for the poor citizens, who were all presumably horror struck and overcome with grief, when Antony gently but firmly grasped, as he thought, the face cloth and slowly, very slowly, began to draw it back. Just then an excited whisper came from the other end of the corpse. "This end, you fool!" But Antony was inexorably wrapped in grief. He persevered and disclosed to the intently gazing audience Julius Caesar's boots.

Clever Smuggling Trick.

Smuggling from Geneva into France used to be carried on at a great rate. Alexandre Dumas tells how Beaute, a famous watchmaker of that city renowned for his skill in smuggling, got the better of the Count de Saint Cricq, King Louis Philippe's director of customs, who was traveling as a detective. The count bought 30,000 francs' worth of jewelry on condition that it should be delivered free of duty in Paris. When he went up to his bedroom on arriving at the French capital he found his purchases on the dressing table. Beaute had bribed the count's valet to stow them away among his luggage.

Hard on the Doctor.

"Weel, Tam, are ye gaun hame wi' your work?" was the invariable greeting of a doctor to a tailor of his acquaintance when he met him carrying a bundle. Once the tailor saw the doctor walking in a funeral procession. "Weel, doctor, are ye gaun hame wi' your work?" he asked.—From "Reminiscences," by Sir Archibald Geikie.

Make Yourself Felt.

Let your education be so broad and thorough that, whether you paint pictures, write books, sell merchandise, make contracts or cultivate land, you will make yourself felt in your community as an all round man of broad ideas and general culture.—Success.

Not Hungry at the Moment.

"Did Alkali Ike make that tenderfoot eat his words?"

"No. The tenderfoot turned out to be one of those fellows who would rather fight than eat."—Chicago Journal.

Smoothing His Path.

Gus—You never had spunk enough to make a proposal in your life. Why did you tell Miss Prettie that you were engaged to two girls? George—So she'd want to get me away from them.

Her Name

By LILIAN C. PASCHAL

...Copyright, 1906, by T. C. McClure...

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she gasped as the car, jerking over new sinuosities of track perpetrated by the repairs, threw her bodily like a luscious windfallen peach into the lap of a young man who was buried in the day's newspaper.

He looked up amusedly as she gathered herself from his saving embrace and the total wreck of his paper; then he arose hastily.

"Take my seat," he said courteously, with hat aloft and the faintest twinkle in his eyes. "You will find it more comfortable—if I don't."

The ambiguous words sounded ungracious to the girl's first confused thought, and she hesitated. But one glance into the frankly admiring eyes and another repair serpentine decided her. She sank with more haste than grace into the proffered seat, while her preserver stooped to recover her dropped purse, handkerchief and other scattered properties.

She rewarded him with smiling thanks, then turned her anxious attention to the moving panorama of rain deluged streets outside. The problem in economics as to how she should reach her home, two long cross town blocks from the car line, innocent as she was of umbrella or rubbers, began to absorb her mind.

She only vouchsafed one brilliant, perplexed glance upward at the fellow passenger who for her sweet sake was submitting himself to the modern inquisition of "hanging by a strap till dead."

But in that instant of wireless telegraphy he perceived her thought and resolved accordingly. So he rode on past his club block after block till his fair vis-a-vis, having made up her mind to run it not for her own [illegible] for that of her new lace hat, signaled the conductor and got off the car.

Grasping the voluminous duffery of her silken skirts in both hands, she poised for flight, when a deep voice addressed her in an extremely respectful tone:

"We seem to be going the same way, and you have no umbrella. Won't you share mine?"

Fragments of Maria's elder sisterly counsels regarding strict propriety floated through her mind as she hesitated. But the man was evidently a gentleman, and besides there was the pouring rain, and her new hat would be ruined, not to mention this her very first long gown.

She put her little hand on his offered arm as trustingly as the child she was, and they set forth.

In that short walk he made himself deferentially agreeable, and she, who had been shut in from all contaminating male society by a careful sister of forty, her only guardian, entered into this highly improper escapade with all the guilty joy of a young filly just broken out of its stall into forbidden pastures.

She was so naive, yet daringly winsome, her soft, long lashed gray eyes were so innocent, yet so mischievous, that it was small wonder that staid Mr. Harry Bewley, secretary to a highly respectable millionaire downtown, promptly lost his big, impulsive, Irish-American heart and, what was worse, his handsome head.

For as they ascended the brownstone steps of the old mansion and he realized that he might never see her again in this great wilderness of New York he rashly begged her to let him call and call some time soon.

The girl was frightened at what she had drawn upon herself. His brown eyes were desperately pleading as he closed the umbrella and stood beside her under the columned shelter of the entrance way.

"Oh, please go away," she implored him, glancing apprehensively about and hurriedly fitting her key to the lock. "Some one, perhaps Sister Maria, might see you."

"Not till you tell me when I may see you again. I must. Life will never be the same again. Here," he hastily thrust a card into her hand and held it there, "I am with Bronson & Co., Canal street. Any one there can tell you that I am not an adventurer nor"—

"Very well," she interrupted in terror, hearing steps inside. "Come next Wednesday evening. Ask for Miss Anoline Dwight."

She opened the door and was gone from his eager sight.

During the next week Mr. Harry Bewley's days and nights were a ferment of flitting, gray eyed visions in blue flounces and adorable lace hats. Anoline! What a beautiful name it was!

When Wednesday evening came at last he made a dart for the door of the office promptly at 6, something he had never done before and which astonished his employer beyond measure. That wealthy gentleman had laid the foundation of his millions by walking to save car fare and added to them by underpaying and overworking all the men in his employ.

But tonight his secretary slipped out and away from the usual hour's work overtime and hurried to his club, where he spent fifteen hasty minutes at his dinner and an hour and three-quarters at his toilet.

Appareled at last to suit his fastidious taste, he sallied forth to a Madison avenue car. Arriving at the house whose fair dweller had haunted his dreams, he rang the bell and waited, with his heart thumping so loud under his stiff dress shirt that he wondered if she could hear it in that second floor front room she had told him was hers and which he had watched every evening for a week in hope of seeing even her shadow.

The door was opened by a trim maid.

"Is—is Miss Anoline Dwight at home?" he stammered in his excitement, fumbling in his cardcase.

The maid stared and then giggled, but in a moment straightened her deportment to its usual dignity.

"Yes, sir; I guess she's downstairs," she remarked; then glancing doubtfully at the bit of pastboard, "Shall I take this to 'er?" And the giggle threatened to break bounds again.

"Certainly," responded Mr. Bewley in his most lofty manner, though he reddened visibly. What the deuce ailed the girl? he wondered. Probably Miss Dwight was at dinner. He hoped he had not come too early. He anxiously consulted his watch. Nine o'clock was not so late. A burst of laughter from below, whither the servant had repaired, startled his embarrassment anew, and the words "Plug hat, too," floated up to him.

When she came back she was at no pains to conceal her mirth. "Jes' step this way, sir," she giggled. And he followed her, much perturbed, to the basement.

"Gen'l'man to see Miss Dwight," she announced loudly, opening the kitchen door with a flourish and abruptly withdrew to a back room, whence muffled explosions of mirth issued at intervals.

"Yo' wan' see me, suh?" A huge black bulk in turban and white apron waddled toward him. "I's Miss Anerline Dwight—de cook ob dis yer 'stablishment."

On confronting the African apparition Mr. Bewley stared, opened his mouth to speak, then fled. When he emerged, wrathful, wretched, disappointed and humiliated, he went back to the club and called himself all the unpleasant names he could think of. He arose next morning with the lark —or what corresponds to it in the city, the milk wagons—and delighted his employer by being first at the office; also for several mornings thereafter. But a reward other than official approval—cold comfort though it was—awaited him a few days later, in the form of a dainty blue note sealed with white wax. It was from Sister Maria, as follows:

> My Dear Mr. Bewley—Through a chance remark of one of the servants today I was led to question my sister Nell concerning a hoax she very unjustly played upon you the other evening.
>
> Nell is very young and inexperienced, and I have tried to be father and mother both to the orphan child. So I write now to ask your pardon for her improperly and hasty rudeness to you.
>
> Your desire for further acquaintance, if you still cherish such, may possibly be furthered if you can find a mutual friend through whom to receive the usual formalities of an introduction. I beg to remain yours very truly,
>
> MARIA L. BROSTER.

Harry groaned in despair as he read. How could he ever hope among the several millions who inhabited the island of Manhattan to find one who knew Miss Nell Broster. The proverbial needle in the haystack was an easy search as compared to this.

But a tiny penciled word at the bottom of the page caught his eye:

"Over."

He turned the page and with it turned a new and joyful leaf in his life, for it held all the sweetness of love's young dream. This is what he read:

> P. S.—Sister gave me this to mail. She has probably forgotten to say that I was a roommate at boarding school of your Mr. Bronson's niece and ward Mabel. You go there every Saturday to audit his household accounts, don't you?
>
> NELL BROSTER.
>
> P. S. No. 2—Mabel has asked me to lunch with her next Saturday. N. B.

How Jerry Kept His Promise.

In a year of bad crops and great distress some of the tenants of my great-grandfather, Gumbleton, like many of their neighbors, took to running away with stock and crops, leaving empty lands for their landlords.

Gumbleton begged one of his tenants, in whom he had some, though perhaps not much, confidence, not to follow such an evil example. "You will solemnly promise me, Jerry," said he, "that at any rate you will not go without giving me warning." Jerry solemnly promised.

One bleak and stormy winter night Gumbleton, while retiring to bed about midnight, was startled by the noise of gravel flung at his windows. He looked out into the darkness and called, "Who is there?"

"It's Jerry Hagarty, yer honor," shouted a voice through the storm.

"Oh, Jerry, is that yourself? What business have you on such a night, man?"

"Just to keep my promise of giving warning to your honor. I said, you know, I wouldn't run away without letting your honor know of it. I am running away now. Good night to your honor and goodby."

So Jerry ran away, stock, crops and all being also en route.—Gael.

Not a Canary Comedian.

There had been a business transaction between Mr. Finch and a friend regarding a canary.

When Mr. Finch became the proud possessor of the little yellow creature he had not unreasonably expected it to burst into song at intervals.

But nature has not been so kind to feminine canaries as to the sterner sex, and, in spite of every encouragement, birdie refused to carol.

Therefore Mr. Finch was angry with his bird fancying friend.

"That's a nice sort of canary you sold me!" he said.

"Why, what's wrong with it?"

"It won't sing."

"What does it do, then?"

"It does nothing but hop about the cage from morning till night."

"Well, old chap, be reasonable. You surely didn't expect a bird that would sing and dance too?"

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THE LIFE OF A DIVER

PERILS CONSTANTLY MENACE HIM WHILE HE IS AT WORK.

The Sensations He Experiences When Under Water, Incased In His Hideous Armor—Four Hours a Day Are the Limit of His Endurance.

The dangers of the diver's life are little realized by the world on land until one is killed. Some fifty divers are at work almost every day in the waters of New York harbor, yet as long as they perform their tasks successfully they remain as obscure as their dim haunts. While scouring off barnacles from ship bottoms or patching holes in sunken hulls or mending pipes under the East river their work, even if visible, is too commonplace "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Even when there is a wreck and lives are lost few think of the patient, plodding diver, who gropes through the watery saloons of the steamships and brings to the surface the pallid corpses.

When the diver is initiated into the mysteries of the deep he is extremely cautious. Then he appreciates far more than after he has become accustomed to his strange surroundings the perils of his new life. As soon as he has donned his armor, whose very hideousness would seem to indicate the terrors lurking in that unnatural element into which he ventures, and has sunk beneath the surface every sense begins to act in a weirdly distorted fashion. He thinks he sees objects within reach which in reality are far remote. He claps his hands with difficulty and hears no sound, yet a knock on the side of a ship with his knuckles gives the ring of a bell. His body has an unusual lightness, so that a little leap will carry him over vast spaces. His sense of smell has been annihilated. The air which puffs into his helmet and then, leaking out through the escape valve back of one ear, bubbles up to the surface as if out of the snout of a porpoise at first had the scent of machine oil. In a few minutes it becomes utterly odorless.

There are still buried treasure ships whose exact situations are known to mariners, but which are inaccessible because of their great depth. Divers equipped with the present brass and rubber uniforms cannot go deeper than 200 feet, and even at this depth only a few can remain more than five minutes. One hundred and twenty feet is the limit for most miners of the sea, for at this depth they are under a pressure of four atmospheres.

For the reason that man can venture only a few feet down into the sea the diver of these practical modern times has abandoned his hunt for treasure and has become a skilled laborer at $5 a day. Though his wages are larger than many kinds of workmen earn, nevertheless they are less regular, and the diver who earns $150 a month is regarded lucky. He is indeed fortunate if he can obtain a steady job in the dock department, for the city employs eight divers at $5 a day throughout the year, with only four hours of labor in the twenty-four and $1.25 extra for every additional hour.

In preparing for his work the diver must serve a long and tedious apprenticeship. For the reason that he will be called on to do the work of various trades, such as those of mason, carpenter, iron worker, plumber and mariner he must master the principles of all these vocations. He generally serves three years as a member of a wrecking crew, and in addition to everything else he studies the character of the waters, their depth and currents, in which he will one day work. He learns to be a diver's tender, the man who holds the life line and air tube of the diver, and these are some of the signals with which he becomes familiar:

One pull of air hose—more air.
Two pulls of air hose—less air.
Three pulls of air hose—pull it up.
One pull of life line—haul up working rope.
Two pulls of life line—lower working rope.
Three pulls of life line—haul up diver.

As the pressure of the water increases on the diver's suit at about the rate of one pound for every two feet the apprentice must learn how to manage the air pump. He must memorize the following table and see that the gauge of the air pump tallies to it as nearly as possible:

Depth of diver in feet.	Pounds pressure, sq. inch.	Depth of diver in feet.	Pounds pressure sq. inch.
20	8¾	80	34¾
30	13	90	39
40	17⅓	100	43½
50	21¾	110	47¾
60	26	120	52¼
70	30⅓		

A diver may be killed or his life shortened many years if the air is not given him at the right pressure. On the surface of the water the atmosphere presses against all parts of his body about fifteen pounds to the square inch. Yet the pressure is as much from within outward as in the opposite direction and so neutralizes itself. As soon as the diver descends into water the pressure of air against his flesh must be increased just enough to prevent the ponderous brass helmet in which his head is incased from crushing his shoulders.

A peril which constantly menaces the diver is the breaking of his air pipe. Wherever he goes he watches lest he cut it on some sharp projection. The moment that it snaps the air pressure within his suit is gone, and the dead weight of all those feet of water pounds his helmet with the force of a trip hammer. As his body is charged with air at a high pressure this air rushes outward, thus distending such elastic organs as the eyes and eardrums to bursting.

"I remember a case where a diver's hose broke," said a master diver. "He was at work on a sunken sugar ship, and he was down some sixty feet. All at once the air pump handles whizzed round like the flywheels of an engine when the belt slips off, and, with a hiss that sounded like a snake's, the hose came writhing and twisting to the surface. Before the tender could yell for help a great bubble exploded right under him, followed by a string of smaller ones.

"Well, we pulled up that life line all in one breath. We got that helmet off and pulled off his suit. We thought him dead. His eyes bulged out till they looked like fingers, and his eardrums were blown out like little balloons. Around his neck, where the heavy brass rim of the helmet struck him, there was a livid black circle which looked like burned wood. But he came out of it. He's alive, but life isn't much good to him now."

"At depths less than sixty feet the ordinary diver can work hour after hour, but below that limit he must take frequent rests. Four hours constitute a day's work at all depths. Thus, at seventy feet he works three-quarters of an hour and rests fifteen minutes. At eighty feet he works forty and rests twenty minutes. Thus the ratio continues until at 110 feet few divers can work more than ten minutes.

When a diver has stayed down too long, he does not suffer while still in the water, but after coming to the surface. After a protracted immersion his organs do not react as quickly to the lighter pressure, and the swellings from air pushing out through the tissues do not subside as rapidly.

Ordinarily the experienced diver as he slowly descends does not notice any sensations that are painful. He feels a crackling of the eardrums, which he relieves by keeping his mouth open and swallowing frequently. He does not find it much harder to breathe until he gets very deep, when the air has a drowsy effect on his senses. On rising, after the usual "stay down" the crackings of the ears begin again, and again they may be checked by swallowing, an act which forces air of the same density as that outside through the eustachian tubes into the chamber behind the eardrum. Unless a man has a heart that is perfectly sound and lungs that are especially strong he should never don the diver's armor. Even with these he sometimes is compelled to abandon submarine work after a year or two.

Another peril which the diver encounters is the "somersault." Because of the great weight of his helmet he is likely to turn turtle despite his lead soled boots. In Suda bay, island of Crete, a diver of the British battleship Hood lost his balance while at work on a sunken torpedo and hung for five hours heels over head under some forty feet of water. He had tangled his lines with the hawser, which he had attached to the torpedo and with which his companions above were attempting to hoist. When rescued at last by a fellow diver he was found unconscious, but alive. In another half hour, however, he would have drowned. Because the pressure of air had not been sufficient water had leaked in and collected in the helmet. When he was found the water had risen to within a quarter of an inch of his nostrils. In tropical waters sharks menace a diver with such ferocity that he is only safe when working in a great cylindrical cage.—New York Tribune.

Medicinal Vegetables.

Vegetables have direct effect upon the human system and often combine rare curative powers. Spinach affords relief in kidney troubles, and the common dandelion, used as greens, is excellent for the same thing. Asparagus purges the blood. Celery acts admirably upon the nervous system and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Tomatoes act upon the liver. Beets and turnips are excellent appetizers. Lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effects upon the system. Onions, garlic, leeks, olives and shallots, all of which are similar, possess medicinal virtues of a marked character, stimulating the circulatory system, and the consequent increase in the saliva and gastric juice promotes digestion. Red onions are an excellent diuretic, and the white ones are recommended to be eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia. A soup made from onions is regarded by the French as an excellent restorative in weakness of the digestive organs.

Election Bribery In England.

Some years ago an investigation of election bribery in England disclosed the following method of buying votes: An elector entered the agent's room. Agent (holding up three fingers to signify 3 sovereigns)—Well, Mr. Smith, how are you today? Mr. Smith—I am not very well today. Agent then [illegible]—I am sorry you are not very well today. Mr. Smith—Oh, I am not very ill. It is all right. Then Smith looked out of the window while the agent put 5 sovereigns on the table. It was then the agent's turn to look out of the window, and when he turned round again Smith and the money had disappeared. Smith never saw the agent put down the money; the agent never saw Smith pick it up. Consequently, when a parliamentary commission was appointed the agent swore he never gave Smith any money and Smith swore that no one gave him any.

Himalaya Baby's Noonday Nap.

In certain parts of the Himalaya mountains the native women have a singular way of putting their children to sleep in the middle of the day. The child is put near a stream of water, and by means of a palm leaf or a tin scoop the water is deflected so as to run over the back of the child's head. The water pouring on the child's head apparently sends it to sleep and keeps it so, while the mother proceeds with her work in the fields. No one seems to fear that baby may be drowned.—Chicago Journal.

Leading a Double Life.

"Klymer has a farm a short distance out in the country, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Then what is he practicing medicine in town for?"

"He has to do it to make money enough to pay what he loses by his farming."—Chicago Tribune.

A healthy young man or young woman who can find excuses for ignorance or failure in the twentieth century would not attain to knowledge or success under any circumstances.—Success.

The Ainu women in Japan tattoo their faces to give the appearance of men with whiskers.

THE BRITISH SPEAKER.

His Position Is a Hard One, but Is Splendidly Rewarded.

It is doubtless because the position of speaker is so onerous that the rewards attached to it are so great. He is originally a member of parliament, like the rest, and is selected by the leader of the house, who is not necessarily the prime minister, from among his own followers for his personal character and dignity and his knowledge of parliamentary procedure. He is usually elected unanimously by vote of the house, and from that moment he ceases to be a party man, and his constituency is divided in its feelings between the honor of returning the speaker and the disadvantage of being for all practical purposes unrepresented in parliament.

The speaker of the house of commons is a person enjoying the greatest official dignity and social consideration. He is the first commoner in the realm; his invitations to dinner are almost equivalent to a royal command; court dress is worn by members who dine with him officially; in the house he is treated with extreme deference, and he receives a salary of £5,000 and the use of a magnificent house, which forms part of the palace of Westminster. He retains office though the politics of the ministry may change through successive administrations until his health fails or he deems himself to have earned retirement. Then the sovereign bestows a peerage upon him and the country a munificent pension.

The house of commons has been singularly fortunate in securing for speakers men of great dignity, unfailing judgment and unquestioned impartiality. It is a splendid position, and though its intellectual demands are unceasing and its merely physical demands exhausting it is splendidly rewarded.

The position is as exhausting as it is distinguished. During a large part of the session the speaker must be in the chair from 2 p. m. till after midnight except during the dinner hour, from half past 7 to 9, and even when the house is in committee and the chairman of committees is presiding he must be in official dress in his house, which communicates directly with the lobby behind his chair, ready to appear at a moment's notice if summoned. He must, of course, know every member by sight and be able to recall his name instantly. It is astounding sometimes when from a back bench there rises some member who is utterly unknown by sight to his fellow members, who seldom attends and hardly ever speaks and has nothing whatever distinctive in his manner or appearance, to hear the speaker say "Mr. Blank" as readily as if he were accustomed to address him every day.—Henry Norman in Century.

Coffee Tipplers.

Brazilians are great coffee drinkers. Numerous cups are drunk each day by the average man and woman. The beverage is made very strong and very sweet. It produces an exhilaration of a more intense and lasting kind than beer. Those addicted to this habit become very restless and scarcely able to sit still or stand still even for a moment.

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With an Entire Change of Program
The Sharplies Gus and Mattie
"America's Favorite Musical Duo."
SOPHIA BURNHAM
SOPRANO SOLOIST.
The Great McCann Family
SINGING and DANCING.
Introducing Baby Geraldine and Master Carroll.
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STANLEY & WILSON
In a Charming Musical Sketch
"THE GERMAN PROFESSOR."
Harry M. Parker's
MARVELOUS DOGS
Highest Leaping Hounds and Highest Diving Dogs on Earth.
The Kinetograph
The finest picture machine Smethport has ever seen, showing scenes from "Buster Brown" and "The Inn Where No Man Rests."
PRICES. 25 and 35c

Consulting the Sage.

No Korean couple would think of marrying without consulting the sage, who fixes the happy day for them. This he does simply by adding the bride's age to the bridegroom's, and, after determining which star rules the destiny of their united ages, he decrees that the wedding shall take place upon the day sacred to that star.

Give and Take.

"I always contend, sir," said the girl's father meaningly, "that young men should be in bed before 10:30 each night."

"Yes," replied the young man who was calling on the girl; "I hope you set that good example yourself, sir."

Health.

A man too busy to take good care of his health is like a woodchopper too busy cutting down trees to keep a keen edge on his ax or a draftsman too much engaged in drawing to sharpen his pencil.

In Process.

Visitor—Has your little baby sister got any teeth? Tommy—Oh, yes, I think she's got 'em, but she ain't hatched 'em yet!

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1904,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendants' interest in all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Eagle Island, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post the southeast corner of land of Peter McNally; thence west eight (8) perches to a post, corner in east line of land of James Taylor; thence south seven (7) perches to a post corner; thence east eight perches to a post corner in west line of land of W. N. Y. & P. R. R. Co.; thence north seven (7) perches to the place of beginning.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house with one story wing attached, one frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of the William H. Fuller and Julia M. Fuller, at the suit of Edward G. Riggs and Otto Kelsey, ancillary receivers of the Republic Savings and Loan Association of New York.

S. W. Smith, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendants' interest in all of that piece of land situate in the Borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at an iron pin in the north line of Chestnut Street being the south east corner of lot No. 64 deeded to A. J. Holden by S. W. and W. E. Smith; thence along said Holden's east line north 30 degrees west eight perches to a corner; thence north 60 degrees east four and one-half perches to a corner; thence south 30 degrees east eight perches to the north line of Chestnut street; thence along north line of Chestnut street, south sixty degrees west four and one-half perches to the place of beginning. Containing 36 square perches of land.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Oliver R. Mehaffey and Rachel R. Mehaffey, at the suit of Edward G. Riggs and Otto Kelsey, ancillary receivers of the Republic Savings and Loan Association of New York.

S. W. Smith, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in said building is a factory building of two stories of wooden construction, shell with corrugated iron with a truss roof which is covered with a composition of felt roofing; having a frontage of about thirty-six feet and a depth of about one hundred nine feet.

The first story being eleven feet 8 inches and the second story eight feet 8 inches, situated on a certain lot or parcel of land on Holley Avenue, in the City of Bradford, McKean County, Pennsylvania, and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the westerly line of Holley Avenue, said point being the northwesterly corner of lands sold by A. J. Edgett et al to M. Lytle & Son, by contract dated Sept. 2nd, 1901; thence westerly and along Lytle & Son's northerly line one hundred fifty-seven feet more or less to the Erie Railroad right of way; thence northerly and along Erie Railway right of way seventy-five (75) feet to a point; thence easterly and right angles with the said westerly line of Holley Avenue one hundred fifty-four (154) feet to the westerly line of Holley avenue; thence southerly and along the westerly line of Holley Avenue ninety-six and seventy-five one-hundredths (96 75-100) feet, more or less, to the place of beginning.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of The Bradford Metal Stamping and Machine Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania, owner or reputed owner, and The Bradford Metal Stamping and Machine Company, contractor, at the suit of R. Burr.

Melvin & Melvin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel and tract of land situate, lying in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post, seventy-five (75) feet from the center of the B., B. & K. R. R., said post being forty-four (44) rods south (1 degrees west) from a post in the warrant line between Warrant No. 2250 and 2251, said point being seventy-five (75) feet easterly on said warrant line from center of the B. B. & K. track; thence south 87½ degrees east ten (10) rods to a post corner; thence north 14 degrees east four (4) rods to a post corner; thence north 87½ degrees west ten (10) rods to a post corner; thence south fourteen (14) degrees west four (4) rods to place of beginning. Containing one-quarter of an acre be the same more or less, and being in Warrant No. 2251, being the same premises conveyed to William Luke by John T. Evans and wife, by deed dated August 11, 1888, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, in Deed Book No. 107, at page 142, etc., and subject to the restrictions and reservations contained in said deed. Improved and having thereon one one and a half story board dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Wm. Luke, at the suit of Lee W. Jennings and —— Jennings, partners as Jennings Brothers.

F. W. Hastings, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

5.

Defendants' interest in all that certain tract or parcel of land situate in the borough of Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Commencing at a point in the centre of the highway, south 18 degrees east 15.5 perches from a post in the south line of lands of Solomon H. Barrett; thence along centre of highway south 18 degrees east 8 perches; thence south 60 degrees west 20 perches to a post corner; thence north 13 degrees west 8 perches to a post; thence north 60 degrees east 20 perches to the place of beginning. Containing one acre of land be the same more or less. Being the same premises conveyed to William B. Black by Lowell L. Lillibridge and wife by deed dated Nov. 20, 1884, and recorded in Liber 52 at page 84.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house, one frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of William B. Black and Myrtle E. Black at the suit of The Elmira Mutual Building Loan Association.

O. W. Catlin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land, situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at southwest corner of lot sold to Ellen Dunn by John O. Crandall; thence east eighty (80) feet; thence south forty-two (42) feet to a lot leased to S. B. Hawthorn; thence west eighty (80) feet to east boundary of Merrow Avenue; thence north forty-two (42) feet along the east boundary of Merrow avenue to the place of beginning. Being the same land conveyed by John O. Crandall to Fred Hilbinger by deed dated February 3rd, 1896, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, in Deed Book Vol. 87, page 208, and by Fred Hilbinger conveyed to Rachel Rosenthal by deed dated September 4th, 1899, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of said county in Deed Book Vol. 107, page 435, etc.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Max Siss, executor of the last will and testament of Rachel Rosenthal, deceased, and Janette Ebeur, Guardian of Sarah Rosenthal, sole heir and devisee of Rachel Rosenthal, deceased, at the suit of J. D. Blair, use of P. A. Kent.

Brown & Schoonmaker, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

7.

Defendant's interest in all that certain tract piece, parcel or lot of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant 3301. Beginning at the center of the public road, at the northeast corner of John H. Hudson's three and half acre lot; thence north eighty-nine degrees west (N. 89 degrees W.) eight hundred and forty-four and eight-tenths feet to a post and stones; thence north seven degrees east (N. 7 degrees E.) two hundred and ten feet to a post and stones; thence south eighty-nine degrees east (S. eighty-nine degrees E.) eight hundred and forty-four and eight-tenths feet to center of public road; thence by the center of public road, south seven degrees west (S. 7 degrees W.) two hundred and ten feet to the place of beginning. Containing four acres more or less, and being the same premises conveyed to August Paulson by Godfrey Lantz and wife by deed dated May 2nd, 1892, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book No. 69 at page 116, etc., and subject to all the restrictions and reservations contained in said deed.

Improved and having thereon one one and a half story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of August Paulson at the suit of H. E. Shaffer, for use M. & L. Schrleyne.

H. E. Shaffer, Plaintiff's Attorney.

8.

Defendant's interest in the following described real estate, to-wit:

FIRST: All that certain piece, parcel or or lot of land, in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the west line of Chase street, sixty feet northward of the northwest corner of Chase and Field streets; thence by the west line of Chase Street (thirty feet from the centre line thereof) north sixty feet; thence by land of H. N. Frazine, west one hundred twenty-seven feet; thence parallel to Chase Street south sixty feet; thence by land of Mary Brooder, east one hundred twenty seven feet to the place of beginning. Containing seven thousand six hundred and twenty-seven square feet more or less. Being the same premises conveyed to F. M. Brooder by J. D. Brooder and wife by deed dated May 8th, 1896, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, in Deed Book Vol. No. 89, at page 398, etc., and subject to all the restrictions and reservations contained in said Deed.

Improved and having thereon two, two story frame dwelling houses.

SECOND: All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, in the Borough of Kane, McKean County, and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, being lot Chase street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the north (west) line of Chase Street sixty-one and one-half (61½) feet south of the southwest corner of Chase and Easton Streets as now located; thence by the west line of Chase Street (30 feet from the centre thereof) north sixty-one and one-half (61½) feet to the southwest corner of Chase and Easton Streets; thence by the south line of Easton Street (30 feet from the centre line thereof) south seventy degrees (70 degrees) west, one hundred and fifty-four (154) feet; thence by the east side of an alley, parallel to Chase Street, south thirty (30) feet; thence by land of J. W. Griffith, eastwardly, one hundred and forty-six and two-tenths (146 2-10) feet to the place of beginning, as surveyed by M. J. Dill. Being the same premises conveyed to Frank M. Brooder by Elizabeth D. Kane by Deed dated February 5th, 1901, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. No. 111, at page 157, etc., and subject to all the restrictions and reservations contained in said Deed.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of F. M. Brooder at the suit of the Temple Theatre Company, a corporation under the laws of Pennsylvania.

J. E. Mullin, Plaintiff's Attorney.

9.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in Port Allegany, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northeast corner of lot deeded by A. N. Lillibridge and wife to Lowell L. Lillibridge and Sue E. Lillibridge; thence south thirty degrees east twelve (12) rods to the north line of Free Baptist parsonage lot; thence north 60 degrees east three and one-half (3½) rods; thence north 30 degrees west twelve (12) rods to the centre of Mill street; thence south 60 degrees west three and one-half (3½) rods to the place of beginning. Containing forty-two (42) square perches of land be the same more or less. It being the property conveyed to the said L. L. Lillibridge and Sue E. Lillibridge, his wife, by Leora S. Lillibridge and her husband by Deed of October 16, 1897; recorded in said county in Deed Book Vol. 97, page 62.

Improved and having thereon one, two story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of L. L. Lillibridge and Sue E. Lillibridge, his wife, with notice to W. L. Lillibridge, terre tenant at the suit of the Pennsylvania Savings Fund & Loan Association.

H. K. Shaffer, Plaintiff's Attorney.

CHAS. E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., May 17, 1904.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 117, Dec. Term, 1903.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county greeting:

Whereas, Bernetta M. Redding did, on the 12th day of November 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, C. A. Redding.

We therefore command you, the said C. A. Redding, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1904, to answer the petition or libel of Bernetta M. Redding and to show cause, if any you have, why the said Bernetta M. Redding, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1904.
E. R. Mayo & Son, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 95, December Term, 1903.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania, to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, William Jack did, on the 9th day of Nov., 1903, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Maggie Jack.

We therefore command you, the said Maggie Jack, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of June, 1904, to answer the petition or libel of William Jack and show cause, if any you have, why the said William Jack your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1904.
T. F. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

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LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
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March 5, 1903.

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The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find
Just What You Want.
Full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
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Smethport, Pa.

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All legal business attended to promptly.

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GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovate and refurnished. The table and b constantly supplied with the best th market affords. First-class in ever respect. Rates reasonable.

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Main street, Smethport, Pa., Dani Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improve in all its appointments, making it one of th most convenient hotels in the country. Goo beds and attentive clerks. The tables are su plied with all the delicacies of the season. liberal share of the public patronage is re spectfully solicited.

CARTWELL HOUSE,
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Having recently purchased the abov Hotel, and made extensive improve ments, I am prepared to cater to th traveling public.
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This house has just been rebuilt and refu nished. The tables are supplied with the be the market affords and the accommodations a all that can be desired. The bar is suppli with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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